Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 217.—Vol. XVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 29, 1908 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF CLONMELL

The Countess was a Miss Rachel Berridge, daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Berridge, and married the seventh Earl in 1901. She has two daughters, Lady Moira and Lady Sheila Scott

No. 217.—Vol. XVII.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, January 29, 1908

	PAGE
Frontispiece	209
Bystander Comments	211
The World's Pageant	215
Want a Little Land?	220
Gay Gordon Weds Guardsman	222
Hymen in the Peerage	223
Wig and Gown	224
The Playhouses	225
Continental Chat	228
Alpine Winter Sports Supplement	233
Our Worldly Short Stories: No. 14.—"Lady Ann." By R. Ramsay	239
The Scene of the Drood Mystery	243
By Field, Stream, and Covert	245
The Library	248
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	250
Automobile Topics	254
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	258
The Garden	VIII
A Woman's Note Book	X

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE. THE BELLE OF THE BALL.
TOPSY SINDEN, FRED FARREN, etc.
MORRIS CRONIN, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, etc.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO CONTINENTAL TOURISTS AND RESIDENTS.

"THE BYSTANDER" can be obtained at all the principal Continental Railway Station, Bookstalls, and of Agents in the following Towns:

FRANCE

Paris	Mons. M. Dormoy, 24, Cité Trevise
"	Mons. F. T. Pain, 18, Rue Favart
"	Mons. Armand Colin, 5, Rue de Mezieres
"	Mons. Mulox, 71, Rue St. Jacques
"	Neal's, Rue de Rivoli
"	H. Le Soudier, 174-176, Boulevard St. Germain
"	Brentano's
"	Galignani's
"	Colteas Library
Aix-les-Bains	A. Gerente, 32, Rue de Geneve
Boulogne-sur-Mer	L. and M. Merridew
Nice	Galignani's
Marseilles	Mme. Monnier, Kiosque, Alee de Meilhan
"	Mme Vve Puy, Kiosque No. 4

GERMANY

Berlin	Mr. G. Stilke, 31, Dorotheenstrasse
"	Mr. E. Ilger, Passage Unter den Linden
"	Mayer and Muller
"	Central Hotel, Stadtbahnhof, Friedrichstrasse
Bremen	G. A. v. Halem
Hamburg	Weitbrecht and Marissal
"	Herrn. J. Basedow, Brodschragen 19-21
Leipzig	F. A. Brockhaus, 24, Querstrasse
"	A. Twietmeyer
Wiesbaden	Herrn. J. Levi
"	Herrn. Moritz and Mundel

AUSTRIA

Vienna	A. Goldschmiedt, Wollzeile 11
"	A. L. Hasbach, Tegethoffstrasse
Budapest	A. Lappert, Vaczi-Korut 11
"	v. Merleg-utoza 11
Sarajevo	Buchwald and Co.
Marienbad	E. A. Gotz

ITALY

Rome	Loescher and Co., Corso Umberto
"	Fratelli Treves, Corso Umberto
"	L. Rossi, Fermo in Posta
Florence	Viesseux Librairie, Via dei Vecchietti
"	E. Magnani, Via Pandolfini
Turin	S. Lattes and Co., Via Garibaldi
Genoa	E. Spiotti, Piazza Luccioli

ITALY—*(Continued)*

Milan	C. Casiroli, 2, Corso Vittorio Emanuele
Naples	Detken and Rochol, Piazza Plebiscito
Venice	S. V. Zanco, San Marco Ascensione
Parma	L. Battei

SWITZERLAND

Geneva	Librairie de Mont Blanc, En Face de la Poste
"	A. Eggiman and Co., Rue Central
Lausanne	T. Roussy and Co., 2, Rue de Bourg
Vevey	Schlesinger's Librairie
Neuchatel	A. G. Berthond
Zurich	E. Kern
Interlaken	M. Stump
"	Librairie Wega
St. Moritzbad	C. B. Faist's Librairie

ROUMANIA

Bucharest	L. Alcalay
Galatz	J. C. Groumbos

RUSSIA

St. Petersburg	Librairie M. O. Wolff, Gostinnoi Divor 18
Ekaterinoslav	H. Krygier

BELGIUM

Brussels	J. Lebeque and Co., Rue de la Madeleine
"	Dechenne et Cie, Gallerie du Roi
"	European Press, 3, Place Royale

HOLLAND

Amsterdam	J. G. Robbers, Voorburgwal
"	A. de Lange
Rotterdam	J. G. Robbers

PORTUGAL

Lisbon	Lewtas and Taboada, 144, Rua do Arsenal
"	J. Santos Roche, 98, Rua do Arsenal
"	Ferreira and Oliviera, Rua Aurea

EGYPT

Alexandria	E. Maignan, Rue Sherif Pacha
"	Nacamuli and Co., Rue Sherif Pacha
Cairo	M. Baltayan and Co., The Golden Kiosk

Obtainable also at all Railway Bookstalls on the Riviera during the Season.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday January 29, 1908

In order to husband his strength, the Prime Minister will, it is said, absent himself from routine-work in the House as much as possible. Routine-work, of course, is not easy to define, but most Members seem agreed that it consists in listening to the other Members' speeches.

* * *

The art of speaking has been cultivated in all ages. Demosthenes, it will be remembered, used to talk to the waves with a pebble in his mouth in order to get over any nervousness he might otherwise feel in addressing his electors. Of course, it is not essential to talk nowadays with a pebble in one's mouth, though we daresay any Member who tried this method would find his little speech on Tariff Reform or Old Age Pensions received with cheers, especially if the peeble were a biggish one. But then there is always the risk of swallowing it, and embarrassing one's Party by necessitating a by-election.

* * *

This is somewhat by the way. The point we were about to make (when Demosthenes cropped up) was that the art of listening has never received the same attention as the art of speaking. Thus when Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey, who are to take C.-B.'s place in his absence, come to take up their routine-work, they will have nothing like the same facility for it—or the same patience with it—as they would if they kept bees in their bedrooms, or lived in the neighbourhood of a steam-saw. Yet listening often keeps a Party together more than talking does.

* * *

Mr. Herbert Samuel, M.P., is expected, some time, to bring in a Bill for the supervision of baby-farming. No reflection, of course, upon the *Daily Mail's* small farming experiment.

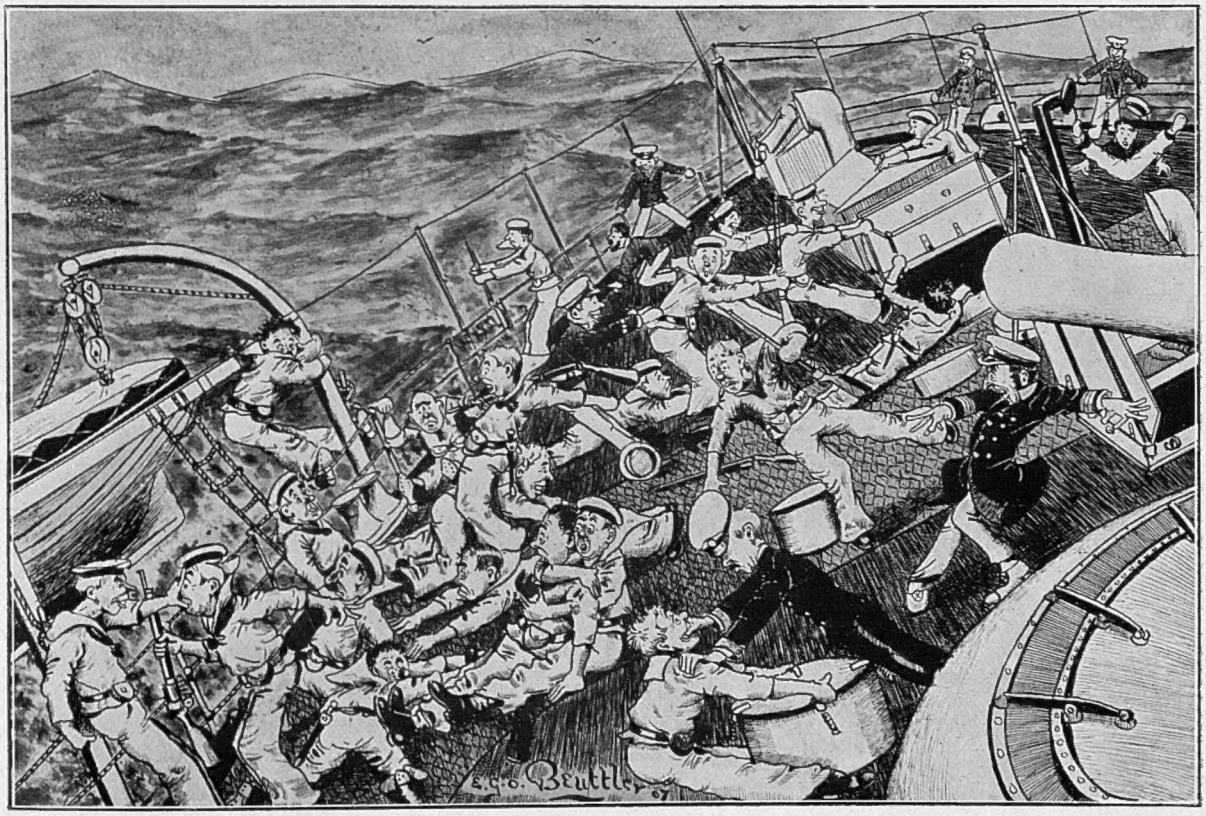
* * *

The *Daily Graphic* prize, which Mr. Farman hopes to win, is, of course, for a "heavier-than-air" machine. We have a great belief in Mr. Farman, and the only real difficulty he has to meet is in the construction of an aeroplane that shall be heavier than our air has been of late. But perhaps he could carry a cannon to disperse the fog!

* * *

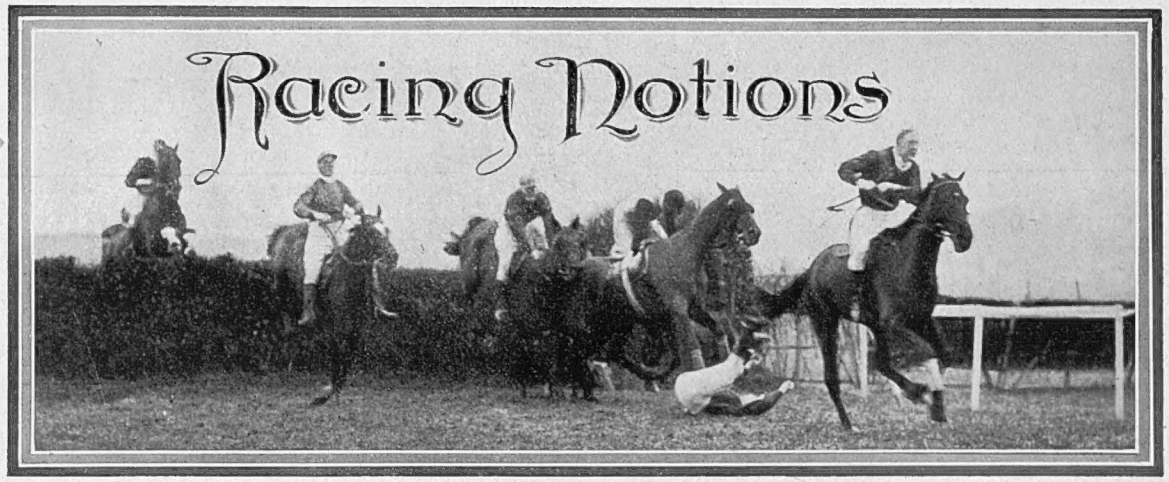
THEATRICAL ITEM.—Mr. Hall Caine is of opinion that "The Greater Glory" is not a fit or proper title for a Christian play, apart from the fact that there could not possibly be a greater Glory.

("*Bystander Comments*" *continued on page 214*)



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVY: NO. 8.—RIFLE EXERCISES ON THE HIGH SEAS

BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER



OVER THE STICKS!

NEWBURY AND KEMPTON. BY CARBINE

A Look Ahead

Next to the Derby and the St. Leger there is no flat race to which such honour attaches as the Ascot Gold Cup, and in some respects it takes even a higher place than either of the great classic races, being regarded as the crowning test of endurance and stamina. From now to Ascot Week is a far cry, but the recent publication of the entries for the Gold Cup reminds us that we are now within measurable distance of another flat-racing season. The entries, too, are interesting from the fact that they tell us something about the best horses in training. Let us take, therefore, a look ahead. Of course, Woolwinder is there. Cannot you imagine what a race it will be if he meets The White Knight, and both are fit and well? Then there is Galvani, who is, many believe, quite as good as Woolwinder. Mr. "Billy" Bass has entered Sancy, who, in due course, will probably take Cyllene's place at the stud, the latter having just been sold to the South Americans for £25,000 by Mr. Bass. The same owner has also entered Stickup.

Mr. Croker's Gem

"Boss" Croker, having changed his trainer, is still hopeful of carrying off big spoils on the English Turf. At present Rhodora is the gem of his stable. No doubt she is an extraordinarily smart filly; I have seen few more handsome. She was erratic last season, but her admirers think that she will win the Oaks, and it is quite on the cards that she may prove to be better than Lesbia, who has just returned to training after a few weeks at her owner's paddocks. Sir Daniel Cooper is disappointed to find that she has not grown much since this time last year. Thus she will always be small, and going on the principle that a good "big 'un" will always beat a good "little 'un," Irishmen are persuading themselves that Rhodora will be too much for the Newmarket filly. The meeting of the two should be wonderfully interesting. Rhodora is in the Gold Cup.

The Frenchmen at Ascot

French owners always make a big effort to win at Ascot, and the fact that long-distance racing is much more encouraged in France than in this country, usually makes them dangerous competitors for the Gold Cup. M. E. Deschamps has taken as many as four chances for this year's race, and eight other French sportsmen have made nine entries between them. Eider, who fought out that never-to-be-forgotten finish with The White Knight last June, and was subsequently disqualified, has been entered by his present owner, Mr. Sol Joel, who has also engaged Procope. Our old friend, Golden Measure, is entered by Mr. J. Buchanan. Mr. Leopold has made three entries, including Radium—a really great horse when rheumatism does not bother him; and Lord Derby has the consistent Bridge of Canny. Mr. W. M. G. Singer has three entries, and Major Loder, one of the Turf's lucky men, has Baltinglass as well as Galvani. Altogether, then, we have the makings of a brilliant Gold Cup. At this early stage I should say that the race rests between three horses—The White Knight, Galvani, and Woolwinder. How far will this forecast be borne out on June 18?

This Week's Meetings

When the fog permitted, there was some tolerably interesting steeplechasing last week. At Manchester Seisdon Prince managed to make good some of his badly damaged reputation, while, at Lingfield, Sprinkle Me put in an impressive performance when winning the New Year's Steeplechase. Mr. Steinman, his owner, used to hunt this capital 'chaser with the Belvoir Hounds. We ought to see some excellent racing this week at Newbury and Kempton Park. Whipsnade and Amersham, both of whom have recently performed very promisingly over fences, are entered for the Sefton Maiden Steeplechase, which looks like being an uncommonly interesting affair. Personally, I think that Mr. Maher will win this race, probably with **On Guard.** For the Weyhill Hurdle Race on the same afternoon I fancy **Prince Robert.** **Retort** is my selection for the Berkshire Maiden Hurdle Race on the following day, and **Nanoya** for the Winchester Steeplechase. At Kempton Park on Friday **Do Be Quick** should win the Paddock Steeplechase, and **Ballyhackle** the Cranford Steeplechase on the second day of the meeting.

Dog Trials—Despite Fog Trials

THE HORSHAM AND DISTRICT DOG LEAGUE AT DENNE PARK, HORSHAM

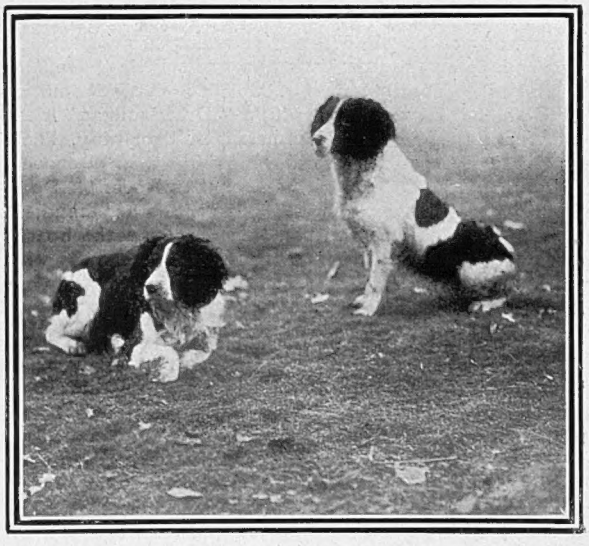
The Judges: Lieut.-Col. C. Heseltine (on the left) and Sir Hugo FitzHerbert, Bart.

The Referee, Mr. C. C. Eversfield, and the Rev. G. L. Fogg

Working Abinger Lass, the chief winner during the trials

"Dropped to Shot"

Mr. W. Sutton's Abinger Lass, the winner of the principal prize in the Show, the Working Trial Stakes, and also the Bethune Cup



The Working Trial Stakes

Mr. J. Blackburn's Oakhurst Toby, the winner (on the left), and Gipsy, second (on the right)

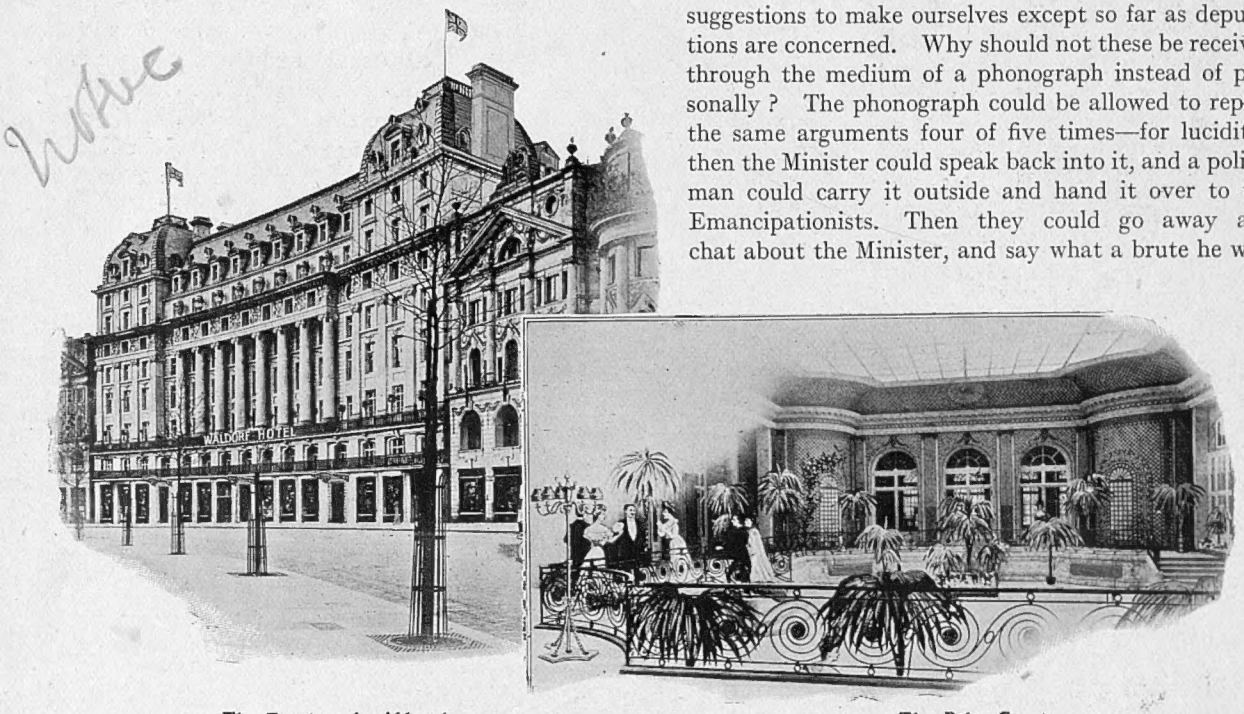
The fifth Field Trial Meeting of the Horsham and District Dog League was held at Denne Park, Horsham, last week, and, despite the foggy weather, the proceedings were most successful. Sir Hugo FitzHerbert and Lieut.-Colonel Heseltine were the judges, and Mr. Charles Eversfield was referee. There were twenty-nine entries, and the principal prize went to Mr. W. Sutton's Abinger Lass, which also secured the Bethune Cup. The junior competition was won by Mr. J. Blackburn's Oakhurst Toby, and Mr. J. Chase's Shaldon Pax was awarded the prize for the best-looking spaniel of the Springer variety

("Bystander Comments" continued from page 211)

Suffragettes are becoming an acute problem. The treatment of them in Mid-Devon was not chivalrous, and should not be repeated. On the other hand, their new method of attaching themselves with chains to anything handy in order to prevent being removed constitutes a distinct menace to politicians. Supposing, for example, a deputation of twenty received by Mr. Asquith attached themselves to the legs of his tables, to the door-handle, to the Treasury cash-boxes, and officials by stout steel chains, and, on hearing that they were not to receive the vote, declined to unpadlock themselves? It would be distinctly awkward for Mr. Asquith, and, in fact, we cannot for the moment think of a Statesman who would rise to such an emergency.

* * *

Something then either for or against this Woman's Movement will have to be done shortly. We have no suggestions to make ourselves except so far as deputations are concerned. Why should not these be received through the medium of a phonograph instead of personally? The phonograph could be allowed to repeat the same arguments four of five times—for lucidity; then the Minister could speak back into it, and a policeman could carry it outside and hand it over to the Emancipationists. Then they could go away and chat about the Minister, and say what a brute he was.



The Frontage in Aldwych **The Palm Court**

London's Latest Hotel: The Waldorf, which was formally opened yesterday (Tuesday)

With a magnificent frontage on the new Aldwych crescent, and a no less palatial interior, London's newest hotel is a veritable Arabian Nights' Palace. Full particulars of the building are given on page xii.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

LESSON IN JOURNALESE.—No. 8: HOW TO WRITE FOR ALMOST ANY LADIES' PAPER

[*Letters asking for advice must be written on paper, and should read downwards, beginning from the top. Postcards will be returned unopened.*]

QUEENIE.—Yours is a somewhat difficult question to answer, as you do not tell me whether you are prepared to spend £5 or £500 on your husband's little "den," as he calls it. You might, for instance, carry it out in the dignified Adams style, with a "Dreadnought" frieze (Rowton and Jones, of Hammersmith Broadway, know my favourite shade), covering the walls with Dogood's "Shimmery Damask," and the floor with Rogers' "Rose-red Reversible Art Squares." On the other hand, if expense *is* an object, you could merely stain the boards with permanganate of potash, and paper the walls with picture postcards. It all depends, you see, on your financial focus! So *glad* you like "Home Snips"!

AD NAUSEAM.—I saw an exceedingly useful piece of furniture at a friend's house the other day, which is, I think, just the thing you want for your hall. My friend had made it herself out of two orange-boxes nailed together and stained mahogany to match the oak doors. It was made to open with the prettiest pewter hinges, and had an ornamental fretwork top. The whole effect was charming, and standing as it did about three feet six from the floor, it provided an exceedingly convenient place to put the hat-brush. A small brass rail was screwed to the side for umbrellas, and at the foot was a long shallow blue-enamelled iron tray to receive the ends, labelled "Dog," so that in wet weather it answered a double purpose. I *am* so glad you like "Home Snips"!!

GREY PUSSY.—*What* a pretty pseudonym! I am delighted that you found my article on "Corner Cupboards" a guide, philosopher, and friend! Your country cottage sounds delightful, but I can quite imagine the old oak panelling is rather depressing. I should have it painted a "duck-egg" green, and pick out the mouldings in silver. This would go well with your red plush hangings, and you could cover the old oak beams across the ceiling with "Incrusta" at 7½*d.* per yard. You can get all you want at Messrs. Goodshams, in Clapham High Street. As you say, shopping in Oxford Street is a very Waring business nowadays. It *is* nice of you to say you like "Home Snips"!!!

PIMPERNEL.—I am delighted to help you with your bedroom furniture, although 23*s.* 6*d.*, which you say is all you have to spend, will, I am afraid, not run to luxuries. However, you say you have got a bed and a small towel-horse, which is always something. Yours, I think, is a case for orange-boxes (see reply to "Ad Nauseam"). Out of two such boxes nailed together and draped with crinkled paper, with an American-cloth top, you will have a serviceable wash-handstand at a trifling cost. A roomy wardrobe will require, perhaps, six boxes (stained mahogany), and a chest of drawers will want four more. Two orange boxes covered with odd pieces of stair carpet will provide you with a luxurious divan. Your queries are no trouble, I assure you. By the way—I had almost forgotten—*so* glad you like——[Thanks; that will do.—ED. BYSTANDER.]

The World's Pageant

The King's Twin Godchildren

The twin children of the Earl of Dudley were christened at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, his Majesty himself being present at the ceremony and acting as godfather

The Family of the Twins

Ladv Morvyth Ward, Lady Gladys Ward, Viscount Ednam, and (in front) the Hon. Roderick Ward (in sailor clothes), whose expression of *nonchalance* will be noted

The Opening of Parliament

To the late Queen, as to so many of her fellow-women, the charm of ancient ceremony and the preciousness of pageants entirely failed in their appeal. She opened Parliament for so many years by commission that, until the King came to the Throne, the present generation only vaguely knew that a new Session should properly be heralded by a great State function. Since his accession King Edward has opened each succeeding Parliament with fullest State, omitting no single detail of a stately and picturesque ceremony which has descended to us from the reign of King Henry VIII.

* * *

The Ceremony

A fanfare of trumpets heralds the procession, which is led by the Pursuivants and Heralds. Following in their wake come the King's Household, equerries, ushers, and grooms-in-waiting, while his Majesty's Private Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Purse bring up the rear. The procession of State which follows is led by Norroy King of Arms, and includes the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord High Chancellor, Black Rod, Garter, and the Lord Great Chamberlain. The Sword of State is carried by Lord Carrington, supported on one side by Lord Crewe, with the Imperial Crown, and on the other by Lord Winchester, hereditarily charged with the Cap of Maintenance. Following the Sword come the King and Queen and their attendants, the procession ending with two officers, one a Gentleman-of-Arms and the other a Yeoman of the Guard. Trumpeters loudly proclaim the arrival of their Majesties, and the Lord Chamberlain and other high officers lead the way to the Gilded Chamber, walking backwards.

* * *

The Peeresses

Arrayed, on these occasions, like Solomon in all his glory, are the Peeresses, who sit aloft in the Gilded Chamber. Full evening dress with feathers and jewels is compulsory, and, obediently, in cloth of gold and of silver, in lace and ermine, and in rich satins and velvets, do the Peeresses (especially the Transatlantic variety) comply with custom. Others, fearing to risk chills and disillusionments *en grande tenue* in the cold grey light of a January mid-day, assemble in the Royal Gallery, where morning dress may be worn, and from which a good view of the passing procession is to be had. Full dress is also, of course, necessary at all the Parliamentary dinners and receptions. At parties given by the Opposition this detail has not necessarily to be insisted upon, but at several Government functions last year Labour and other Members' women-folk seemed to make quite a point of coming in the most "morning-y" clothes at their disposal.

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The King at Hall Barn

His Majesty, last Thursday, paid a visit to Lord Burnham at his beautiful Buckinghamshire seat, near Beaconsfield, where he enjoyed a day's shooting

* * *

The Dublin Situation

There was once, it may be remembered, a certain sportsman who, having held office under Lord Crewe when that nobleman reigned at the "Cawstle," went out to the Rockies to shoot big game. "Wasn't it lonely out there?" he was asked on his return. "Not half so lonely as Dublin Castle when I was an aide-de-camp," he replied. History, it seems, in that little way it has, is to repeat itself. For that boycott which existed then, and which threatened when the present Government first took

Dublin Castle and the Jewels Mystery

over the reins in Dublin, being removed only by a stern rebuke from the Throne itself, has returned, apparently, for "keeps." The conduct of the Crown jewel affair by Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Birrell has alienated what few bonds of sympathy still existed between Irish Society and the Powers That Be. Official Dublin, during the forthcoming Irish season, will have to be social Dublin, too, for wider and deeper than ever is the gulf between Castle and Country. Speaking of Lord Aberdeen, by the way, I was interested to read, last week, of the ordination of his eldest son, Lord Haddo—a portrait of whom I publish—as an Elder of the Scotch Kirk.

* * *

The Position of Mr. Birrell

As for Mr. Birrell, well, this is not, of course, by any means the first time that those bright stones, about which Lord Armstrong has distractedly been swearing affidavits, have made and un-made reputations. The Chief Secretary's way of dealing with this particular lot, however, really constitutes a record in futility. For the representative of a professedly Liberal Administration to institute Star Chamber Inquiries, and, for reasons obvious enough, though also obviously not for publication, to allow monstrous rumours such as those which surround the jewel scandal to become rife, is a course of action which would be wildly incredible were it not the fact.

Photo *Thomson*

The Irish Viceroy's Son

Lord Haddo, the eldest son of the Irish Viceroy, Lord Aberdeen, who has lately been ordained an Elder of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland

* * *

The Ultimate Scapegoat

Up to the present, Sir Arthur Vicars has been the scapegoat. Who knows? In the end the onus of the blame may rest on still higher official shoulders. Whether the jewels have been abstracted by a kleptomaniac, as it is so persistently and universally rumoured, and are now reposing in the Paris State pawnshop awaiting the production of a mislaid pawn-ticket, or whether, as is also asserted, motives of revenge or a desire to spite Sir Arthur Vicars inspired the clever thief, it remains that they have vanished, and vanished under circumstances too theatrical to be hushed up. Very surely some explanation must soon be forthcoming; the nation will require it; and the person who must ultimately render that explanation is none other than the Chief Secretary himself. Taken by itself, this jewel business would be a black enough mark against the head of the Irish administration; its cumulative effect is damning. It would not be so very astonishing, indeed, if it should prove the last straw of all that will finally break the back of that long-suffering camel—the British Public

* * *

The Crewe Wedding

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, the church in which, just nine years ago, Lord Crewe married Lady Peggy Primrose, Lord Rosebery's younger daughter, his own younger daughter, Lady Cynthia Crewe-Milnes, was last week married to the Hon. George Colville, brother of Lord Colville of Culross. Lady Cynthia, who is a great-grand-daughter of the famous Queen of Beauty at the Eglington Tournament, Georgiana Brinsley Sheridan, by marriage Duchess of Somerset, is very musical, and it was chiefly in her honour that the choral service was under the supervision of Sir Walter Parratt, "Master of the King's Music." The bride's young step-mother, Lady Crewe, was unable to be present, so the duty of receiving the many guests (half the Peerage and all the Members of the Government attended) devolved upon the bride's sisters, Lady Annabel O'Neill and Lady Celia Coates.

Photos

LORD TWEEDMOUTH (*to Irish Secretary*): "Hullo, Birrell, you've been and let us into a pretty mess, what with rebellion, and boycotting, and cattle-raiding, and goodness knows what—

IN DOWNING STREET

(An Imaginary Conversation)

Illustrations Bureau

—And, by-the-by, now we're on the subject, "why so mysterious about those Crown Jewels?"

Singeing their Wings

MOTHS AROUND THE MODERN THEATRICAL CANDLE

In one week, recently, no fewer than three marriages were celebrated in which the brides were ladies belonging to the company of the Aldwych Theatre

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

Why Lord Rosebery Wasn't There

Fog Stays a Wedding Guest—and a Good Deal Else!

Lord Rosebery himself was, as a matter of fact, *en route* for the ceremony by motor-car from the Durdans, Epsom, but owing to a collision in the fog had perforce to abandon his plans and return home. Not that his lordship was hurt, or even seriously unnerved. Probably he would have gone on to Town by train had it not been for the hopeless disorganisation of traffic, which invariably affects the L. & S. W. R. in fog, and through which Waterloo was almost inaccessible on the day in question. The dislocation on this line is never-failing, whether the fog be a mere autumnal haze or a "London particular." Other companies meet the emergency of fog by a reduced train service. For reasons best known to itself, the L. & S. W. R. attempts to carry out its entire programme, at no matter what confusion, and in complete disregard of the public convenience. Also, unfortunately, just as the devil is said to have all the good tunes, so the L. & S. W. R. has the best country on London's outskirts, the river, and *all* the racecourses.

* * *

A Scotch Marriage?

At the same hour and on the same day, Lady Constance Scott, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, was married to Mr. Douglas Cairns, only surviving brother of Earl Cairns, in the private chapel of Dalkeith House. The Duke gave his daughter away, and one of his sons, Lord Henry Scott, acted as best man. Space in the chapel is limited. Only relatives and a few very intimate friends could, therefore, be accommodated, and the gathering was quite a family affair. The bride's two small nephews—sons of Viscount Hampden—attended her, and, like Lady Cynthia Colville, she, too, was attired in the conventional white satin, lace, and orange-blossoms. The Queen sent Lady Constance one of her famous double A brooches in rubies and diamonds, the Prince and Princess of Wales also sent a diamond brooch, and Princess Victoria a long jewelled chain.

* * *

Eve in Paradise

The modern variety of Englishwoman, there is not a doubt about it, is the sportswoman *primus inter pares* of the world. No longer is she content merely to "caddie," or to be for once the hub on which things in general may or may not revolve. She would rather be the wheel itself. With her superior nerve, her amazing vitality, and her pluck, she threatens to make hers those very corners of the earth that timid man had thought to keep for his "ownest own." Formerly, it was the recognised thing for the brave and sporting male crossed in love, bored, or too desperately in debt, to fly to the Rockies, to Russia, or to Central Africa. There, with the sport of the gods in hand, he would forswear the petticoat and all temptations. A charming picture of travelling femininity reaches me from Somaliland. It comes from Mr. Reginald Wilbraham, Lord Lathom's younger brother, and depicts his wife and sister-in-law astride camels, prepared for a sortie into the adjoining desert. The intrepid ladies have armed themselves, it will be noticed, with copies of THE BYSTANDER.

Photo *Underwood and Underwood*

A Pretty Royal Trio

H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Denmark and her two little sons. The Princess is wintering at St. Moritz, as in former years

* * *

The Socialist Bogey

The opening of Parliament finds the Opposition pardonably jubilant. The actual victory in Mid-Devon, and the considerable chances of it in Herefordshire, Cornwall, and Leeds, have put new life into the old dog of Toryism. Perhaps an even more inspiriting circumstance is the Labour Party's vote in favour of Socialism. This can only be to the advantage of the Conservatives, for is it not now more than ever open to them to point directly to the Labour Party and call them Socialists, conveying at the same time the impression that the Radicals, because they sit on the same benches, are tarred with the same brush, and therefore polluted? Evil communications, etc. The poor Liberals may whine as they like that they hate Socialism, but all their cries will, I fear, not avail them when the time comes. Your elector is never a supporter of half-and-half men. If he wants to be free, once for all, from Socialism, he votes not Liberal, but Tory. Still this is very much in the future, for, as "Winston" has told us, there's to be no General Election for three years.

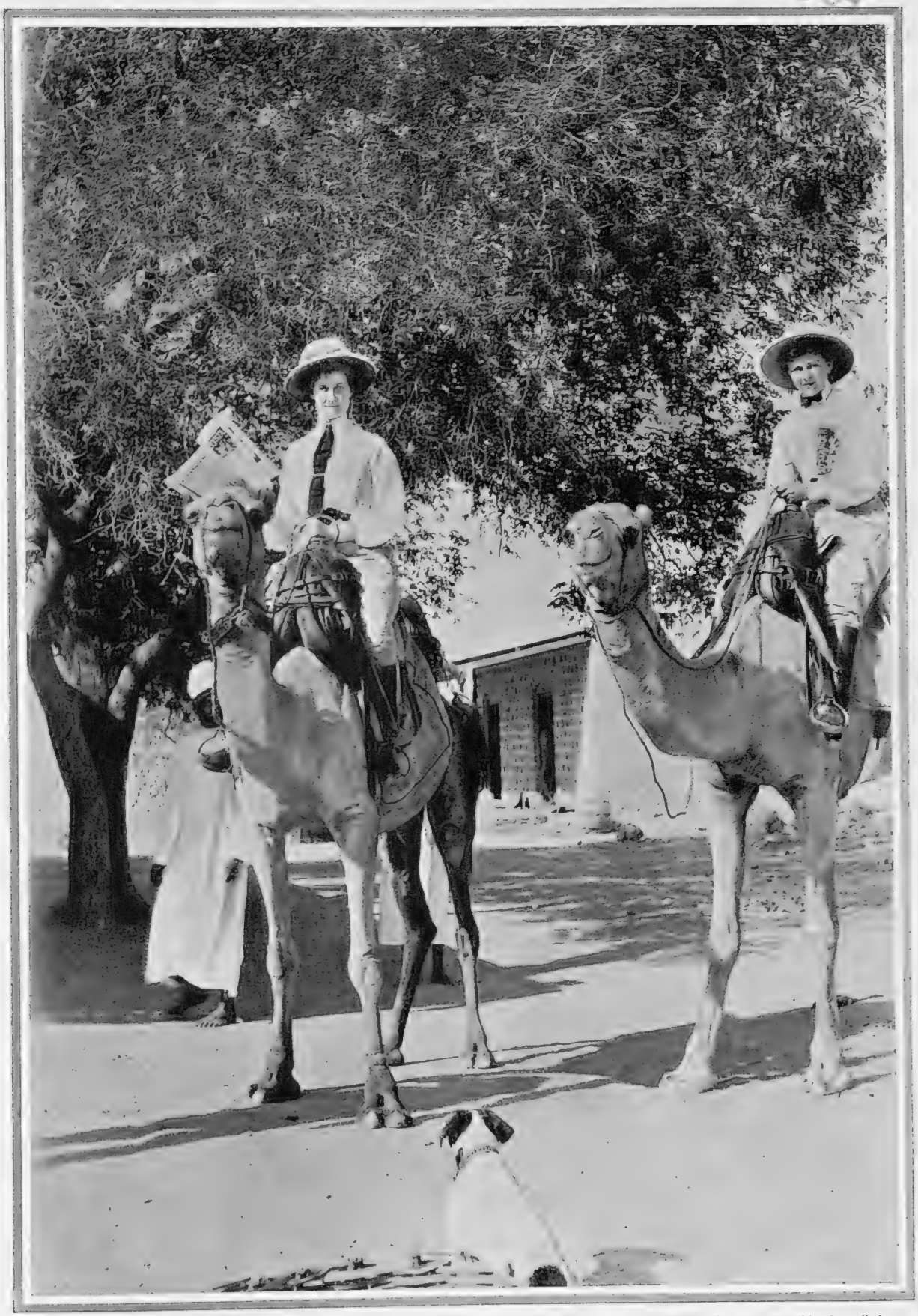
* * *

The Man Who Runs the "Mail"

A good many people make fun of the *Daily Mail*, but everybody reads it, and readers of THE BYSTANDER will probably be interested to see on page 220, the photograph of the man who controls the working of the oracle, Mr. Thomas Marlowe. He has been editor of the *Mail* since 1904, and

Our Plucky Countrywomen

LADIES TREKKING ON CAMELS IN SOMALILAND



The modern Englishwoman is nothing if not venturesome, and Africa is now so frequently visited by her that it will soon, probably, be called not the Dark, but the Fair Continent. The ladies above photographed are the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Wilbraham and her sister, Miss Holt, who have ventured on camels into the heart of Somaliland—a country which was but a few years ago among the most barbarous and inhospitable in all Africa. Both of the ladies, it will be seen, bear with them a copy of THE BYSTANDER

Want a Little Land? (*See "Daily Mail"*)

managing editor since 1899. For a man of only forty, he certainly wields an enviable power! If the *Mail* has occasionally, in its demoniacal activity, fallen down steep places, so, often enough, has it risen to great heights of public service. Undoubtedly its agitation of some years ago did much to purify pantomime and make it fit for the childish playgoer's ears; its *exposé* of bogus occultism did real good; even its luckless Soap Trust outcry was public-spirited. When, furthermore, the whole truth about the Pekin massacre and other *canards* of the time is known, our contemporary will be found to have been more sinned against than sinning.

* * *

To Test "Land Hunger"

At the present moment, the *Daily Mail* shines in the pure white light of political philanthropy. Its offer of a plot of land for competition, in order to test the supposed "land hunger" which exists, is worthy of a great newspaper. All parties agree that "something should be done" to reclaim the land for the people to whom it belongs, and much may depend on the result of the *Mail's* experiment.

* * *

The Writing on the Wall

Captain Eustace Morrison-Bell, the man who, thanks in great part to the dread *liaison* of Liberalism and Socialism, has wrested Mid-Devon from the Government, is the son of Sir Charles Morrison-Bell, of Otterburn Hall, Northumberland. He is an old Etonian, and ex-Lancer, saw service in India and in South Africa, and is married to a daughter of Colonel Henry, J.P., of Elmestree, Tetbury. He unsuccessfully contested the Ashburton Division at the General Election against Mr. Eve, K.C., since when he has nursed the constituency with all his might and main. He is very big, and bright and jolly, and, though as yet quite unproven as a politician, is, at any rate, firmly established in the minds of Devonshire folk as "a nice, open-handed gentleman,"—a very necessary qualification for success in the West.

* * *

A Turn in the Tide

Captain Bell is an ardent Chamberlainite and anti-Socialist. His victory marks a turn in the political tide not only on the Fiscal Question, but also on that of Woman Suffrage, for it can scarcely be denied that the

Photo *Park*

Socialists? We Don't Know!

Three of the Labour Congressmen at Hull (Messrs. Barnes, Jowett, and Shackleton), where the Labour Party first threw over Socialism and then adopted it

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Mr. Thomas Marlowe

Editor of the *Daily Mail*, which is conducting a most interesting test of "land hunger" by presenting a farm of fourteen acres in Lincolnshire to a would-be "back-to-the-lander." The successful applicant, whoever he be, must be drawn from the vortex of City life. Thousands have applied

Suffragist influence played a part in the victory. The Mid-Devon election may fairly be counted as the biggest feather in the Suffrage cap so far. The loss of the seat is also, of course, a more than usually alarming portent for the present Government. The interests of the Ashburton Division are almost entirely agrarian. At a moment when he is being daily and hourly assured by a Liberal Press of the unexampled prosperity of the country, on the eve of the launching of an Old Age Pension scheme, the agricultural labourer rolls up in his hundreds and votes for Fiscal Reform!

* * *

Mr. Campbell's Latest Notion

From the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, we expect, regularly once a year at least, and without fail, a new Belief! We get it. Exactly a year ago his New Theology —"an old tale and often told"— was launched upon a waiting world. To-day he has a newer creed (discussed, I understand, in "The Library") that C.H.R.I.S.T.I.A.N-I.T.Y. spells—Socialism.

* * *

—And Some Previous Ones

As a young man, Mr. Campbell worshipped at the kirk; then for a time he reverted to the Free Methodist Associations among which he had been born; and, while still quite young, joined the Anglican Church, and went to Oxford in order to prepare himself for taking Holy Orders. That sensitiveness of temperament which is never other than artistic, inclined him to the order, reverence, and ancient ritual of the Church, and he came quickly under the influence of the High Church party, Father Ignatius, and other "advanced" Churchmen. His researches into history, however, once more unsettled his convictions. He decided that if he remained in the English Church, he would practically un-Church all his forbears. The Bishop of Birmingham (then Canon Gore) recognising the great advertising value of this brilliant weather-cock, endeavoured to keep him within the Established fold, but without success. He reverted to Congregationalism, a body from which he is now ostracised, save at the City Temple, because of his New Theology. A visit to the Pope, and an active support of the Birmingham "raging, tearing propaganda," should be included in the long list of Mr. Campbell's recent activities.

People About Whom People Are Talking

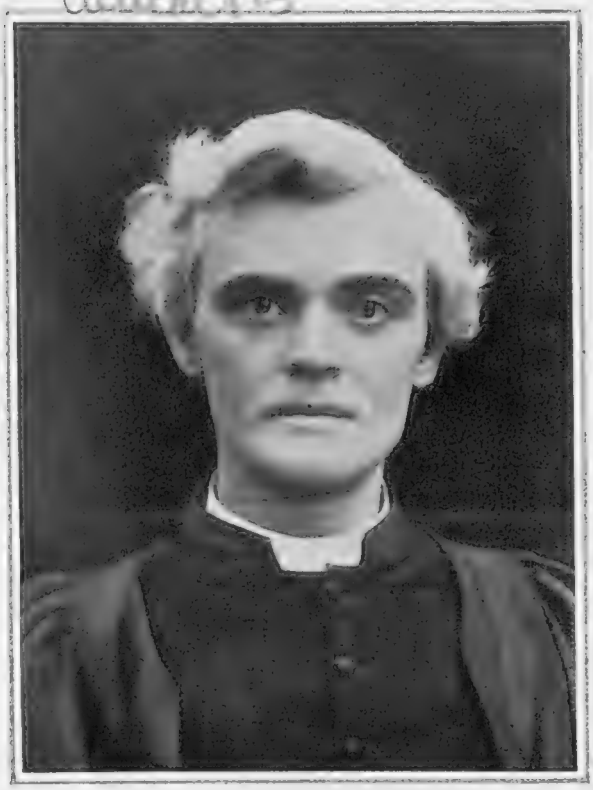


Photo *Christian Commonwealth*

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL

Being Talked About Because

He has proclaimed, in a book, the identity of Christianity with Socialism

Photo *Haines*

THE REV. FATHER VAUGHAN

Being Talked About Because

He has started a new campaign on behalf of sweated women and child workers

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

CAPTAIN MORRISON-BELL, M.P.

Being Talked About Because

He takes his seat in Parliament for the Mid-Devon Division, having captured same for Unionism after years and years of Radical dominance

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

THE PRIME MINISTER

Being Talked About Because

He is back again at the helm of the ship of State, improved in health, and full of legislative zeal

Gay Gordon Weds Guardsman

Miss Barbara Deane
Of *The Gay Gordons* at the Aldwych, and one of the three ladies of the company whose marriage was announced last week

GAY GORDON

WEDS GUARDSMAN

Mr. Basil Loder
Of the Coldstream Guards, whose marriage to Miss Barbara Deane was announced last week

Bravery v. Bread and Butter

Bravery, I think, as well as artistry, may be justly attributed to Mr. Campbell. A classic breadth of outlook is one not commonly associated with the Nonconformist community. Mr. Campbell's views are wide as a church door. As "meenister" in charge of the City Temple, Mr. Campbell's very bread-and-butter rests upon the approval of his deacons. He is a "draw," of course. His audience on a Sunday morning is a medley of east and west, rich and poor, Mayfair and Hornsey, believers and unbelievers, Nonconformists and Anglicans, men and women. He is, in private life, a devoted husband and father.

* * *

Father Vaughan's Crusade

That eminent Jesuit, Father Bernard Vaughan, is embarking on a new campaign. The object thereof is, it is a great relief to chronicle, not the Smart Set and its futile sins—which applied not to Society at all, and only interested Suburbia—but the evils and the horrors of the Sweating System. In a journal of a light and airy order such as this, I rather hesitate to enter on so complex a question as the Sweating System. I ought, perhaps, to beg forgiveness for touching upon it even ever so lightly. But it is one which cries so loud for ventilation and redress that it is really strange that no great and influential "daily" has yet seen fit to take the matter up. The publication of the names and addresses of those firms who habitually sweat their victims would do more good in a day than a whole series of speeches, or a very lifetime of crusades. I have always been under the impression somehow that a matter touching, as this does, so directly on the industrial system of the country, would naturally come under the care and supervision of those generally robust and well-fed gentlemen—the Labour Leaders. It seems I am mistaken. Women and children, I should, of course, have remembered, have no votes, and it is women and children who are the chief victims of the hordes of sweaters, mostly Jews, that infest London and other great cities.

* * *

Horrors of the Sweating System

Scheduled No. 1, I understand, upon the list of doings, once the Suffrage is granted to women, stands the Sweated Industries Scandal. But Woman Suffrage is not yet, and meanwhile? Well, meanwhile there is Father Bernard Vaughan and the crusade in which he hopes to enrol all the great forces of law, religion, and pity, and there are women and children, and men, too, being ground to dust and ashes in the loathsome clutches of the alien Jew sweater. It would be impossible, says Father Bernard Vaughan, to exaggerate in the least the evils of the Sweating System. Working all day, sewing hooks and eyes on to cards, a woman may earn three farthings an hour, a total of three and threepence a week, from which the cost of the needles and cotton must be subtracted. Children work with their parents. Born hungry and tired, these hapless babies do not know the meaning of a hearty meal, a jolly game, or a merry laugh. They can only cry:

But the young, young children, oh, my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly,
They are weeping in the playtime of the others
In the country of the free.

"I have seen examples of the sweating industry," goes on Father Vaughan, "which will never fade from my mental sight, and which I dare not commit to print. Undesirable aliens, so-called 'political refugees,' swarm in upon us like plagues of locusts, and each time I visit Stepney I find more and more of my fellow-countrymen turned out to make room for aliens. . . ."

Photo *Gabell*

The Hon. Lettice Legh
Eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Newton, engaged to Mr. John Warburton, of the Scots Guards, a nephew of Lord de Saumarez

* * *

Strange!

It is strange that to a Catholic priest should have been left the dressing of such open sores. One has once again to remind oneself that the Submerged Tenth does not vote. So, naturally, why trouble about it?

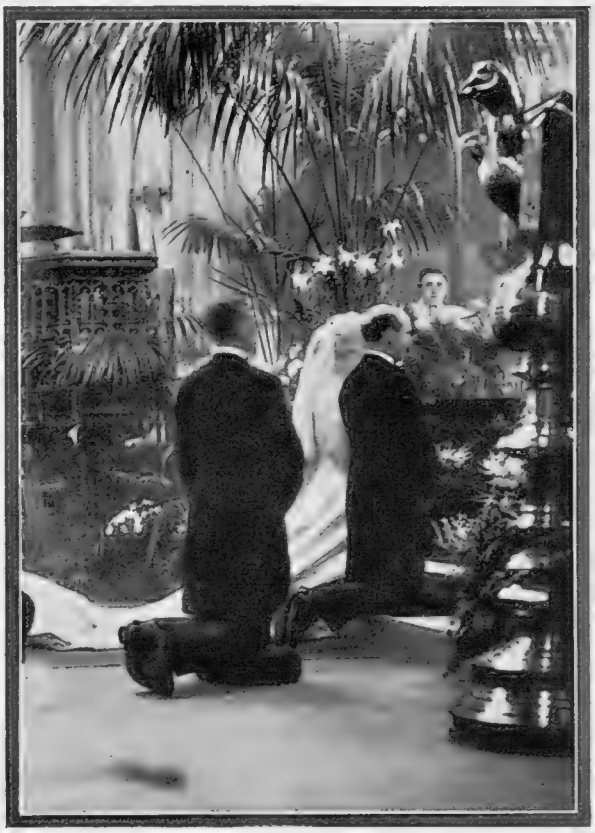
Hymen in the Peerage

THE NUPTIALS OF LADIES CONSTANCE SCOTT AND CYNTHIA CREWE-MILNES

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Buccleuch Wedding

Lady Constance Scott (daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch) and the Hon. Douglas Cairns (brother of Earl Cairns) leaving the private Chapel at Dalkeith House after the ceremony. (Lord Dalkeith, the bride's brother, is seen standing in the porch)



The Crewe-Milnes-Colville Wedding

The bride and bridegroom, Lady Cynthia Crewe-Milnes (daughter of the Earl of Crewe) and the Hon. George Colville, brother of Lord Colville of Culross, at the altar, St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the 21st

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, parents of the bride (Lady Constance Scott), about to enter their motor-car after the ceremony

The New Year's Cause Lists

Now that the Cause Lists for Hilary Term have been published, it becomes possible to judge of the effects produced by the reforms made by the Lord Chancellor and the Judicial Committee. These reforms, which consisted of the appointment of one permanent additional Judge and two temporary Commissioners of Assize, have thoroughly justified themselves, and the mass of arrears at the present moment is much less than it has been for many years past. Some people appear to think that by the end of July all the arrears will have been disposed of, and that afterwards the old staff of Judges, plus Lord Coleridge, will be strong enough to keep abreast with the new work as it comes in.

The Public Return to the Courts

I feel pretty sure that any such hope is doomed to disappointment. In the first place, it must not be forgotten that the alteration in the date of the Long Vacation has made Michaelmas term twelve days longer than it used to be, and, therefore, the figures for January 11, 1908, ought to be compared with those of January 23, 1907, if any such exist. And, secondly, it is rather a significant fact that the Middlesex Special Jury List, which includes most of the more important actions, has not been reduced nearly as much as most of the others. To my mind this means that the Courts are beginning to regain public confidence, and that litigants, finding that there is a fair chance of a speedy trial, are not settling their cases as they used to do. This is an excellent thing for both branches of the legal profession, and really for the public as well, for if a case is settled, both sides are pretty sure to be dissatisfied, while if it is tried out one side, at any rate, will probably be pleased.

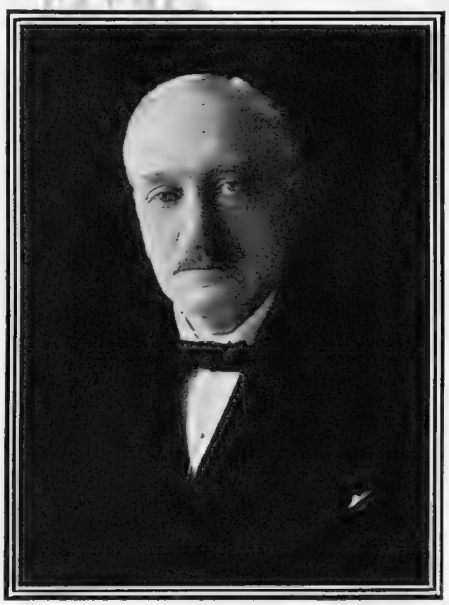


Photo *Haines*

Sir K. Muir Mackenzie

The Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor. He has for some time been occupied on a scheme for lessening the congestion of work in the County Courts

Overworked County Courts

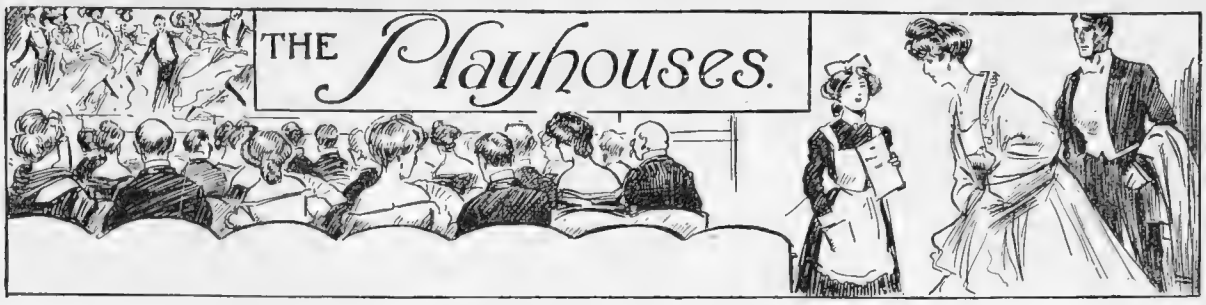
But all this is really flogging a dead horse, for there can be very few people—outside the Treasury—who have not long ago realised that two more Judges are absolutely necessary. Now let me plead a less popular cause—that of the County Courts. These were originally created for the more expeditious collection of small debts, but a continuous extension of their jurisdiction, to say nothing of the passing of the Workmen's Compensation Acts, has made their cause lists quite as substantial as those of the Common Jury Courts in London, and in the meantime the population of the country has increased by more than 50 per cent. Yet the number of Judges remains practically the same, with the result that in very many places the work must either be scamped or left undone. The state of affairs in London has been a scandal for years past, and in some country districts it is nearly as bad.

A Preposterous Scheme

The evil has not escaped the eyes of the authorities, and it is known that Sir K. Muir Mackenzie, the Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor, has been occupied for a long time in devising a remedy. But I cannot believe that either he or Lord Loreburn are the real authors of the scheme which is said to be in process of execution. London is to receive one additional Judge, which is not nearly enough, and that one is not to be an extra appointment, but is to be obtained by taking one away from the Midlands, where all the competent County Court Judges have their hands full already. Such a device smacks of Treasury parsimony, and it looks as though the statistician who analyses the returns has failed to realise that because Judge A. in London, who lives within twenty minutes' journey of his Court, get through so many cases a year, it does not follow that Judge B. in the country, who sits in a number of different places in a district fifty or sixty miles long, can do the same.

Motor-Cars for Judges

If the country cannot really afford an increase in the number of Judges, I think their circuits ought to be rearranged, for local increases of population have made some of them absurd. For instance, the Judge at Wandsworth and Croydon has to travel as far afield as Newbury, over fifty miles away. It ought to be possible to add some of these outlying places to the existing country circuits, even with the existing staff. If vested interests render this idea impossible, I can only suggest that every country Judge be provided with a motor-car at the public expense.



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

"THE O'GRINDLES"

Mr. Cyril Maude is falling a victim to his own personality. I see him condemned year after year to play a wearying round of "Cyril Maude" parts. The "Cyril Maude" part is so familiar to playgoers that there is no need to describe it. Lest, however, there be tucked away in some old-world village a BYSTANDER reader who has never encountered this breed of rôle, here it is: A charming fellow of forty or thereabouts, with such a way with him, with such cute inflection of voice, facial expression, and posturings as to make him well-nigh irresistible with the fair sex. He is as full of blarney as an Irishman in a novel. It is both amusing and interesting to watch the behaviour of the ladies (especially of the one destined by the dramatist to be his bride) in the presence of a "Cyril Maude" character. When the dear fellow comes on, with a dash and a smile, one notes a tremour in the ranks of the ladies. It is plain to see that the opening fire of his blandishments has created havoc among his feminine opponents. For every woman is instinctively and of her very nature opposed (at first) to the onslaught of this audaciously charming fellow. Were she to meet him half-way, her feminine friends would sneer at her for proving such an easy prey. Each woman says in her heart, "If he thinks he's going to succeed with these tactics, he's well mistaken." But this proud spirit in the case of the less important members of the cast does not last long. One by one they fall victims, until there is only the fore-ordained bride to keep the curtain from falling.

And the sweet surrender of this modern Katharine strikes a chord of sympathy in the breast of every feminine playgoer. Each feels that in the character of the fore-ordained bride her sex has been vindicated; that the resistance has been sufficiently prolonged to stamp the resister as a thoroughly womanly woman.

The O'Grindles is an artless little play, the story of which does not matter the proverbial twopence. But it contains a "Cyril Maude" part, which, as I have attempted to show, proves highly delectable to the women in the audience. And the men? Well, they are delighted too. It is pleasant in these days, when the cry is "Too old at forty," to meet a "Cyril Maude" character who is endowed with such charm and juvenility.

But there is another side to this picture of the "Cyril Maude" part. The originator ranks among the first light comedians of the English stage. Comedy is not all smiles. There is a deeper side to it. Mr. Cyril Maude has been frivolling too long.

It is time that he allowed himself, or the dramatists allowed him, to play characters more of the tobacco-and-blood and less of the sugar-and-spice order.

Mr. Maude is well supported, notably by the ladies who fall victims to his charms, Nan Brian (Miss May Blayney), Miss McGee (Miss P. Emery) who makes much of a "bit" (to adopt theatrical parlance), and Kathleen Fitzgerald (Miss Alexandra Carlisle).

The sporting tastes of the English public were exemplified in the applause, almost the loudest of the evening, evoked by Miss Carlisle's management of her house at the close of Act I. Miss Winifred Emery revels in a rôle strongly reminiscent of that now being played by Miss Mary Moore. If Mrs. Hardinge O'Grindle is not exactly a Mollusc, she is a lady who conceals an iron will and dominant personality beneath a most lackadaisical manner.

MELODRAMA—NEW STYLE

Pratings of melodrama in the notices upon the latest and most emphatic success, *A White Man*, tempt one to ask, "What *is* melodrama?" The well-thumbed tome that helps me out with my spelling, and is of occasional service in elucidating the polysyllables

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Robinson Crusoe Subdues Man Friday

The success of the *Robinson Crusoe* Pantomime at the Lyceum has been in no small degree due to the excellence of the acting of Crusoe, played by Miss Dorothy Craske. The part of Man Friday has been taken by M. Espinosa

employed by certain erudite young dramatic critics, defines melodrama as "a drama with a romantic story or plot and startling situations and incidents." This leaves one in somewhat the same state of comprehension as the man who, upon inquiry, was told by a famous wit that an archdeacon was one who performed archidiaconal functions. It is time that a fresh definition of melodrama were elaborated. In the old days, one recognised melodrama by the cloaked and patent-booted villain, by the sequin-robed, cigarette-smoking adventuress, by the idiotically self-sacrificing hero, by the easily put-upon and snivelling heroine. In the old days, one was constantly ranging oneself mentally on the side of evil by the reflection that one would much rather know and invite to dinner the villain and the adventuress than the hero and heroine. Even if these four characters failed to give the *cachet* to the play, there were further aids to the detection of melodrama in the "sensation" scenes. Water, fire, balloons, engines, ships, riots, racehorses—these formed the clues. I speak of the old days, though "good honest melodrama" of this sort still survives. But a new melodrama has arisen from which the more preposterous elements have been eliminated. This new melodrama verges upon the "strong play." The old melodrama was a picture of violent contrasts, of deep shadows, and high lights; the new is a picture in which there are gradations of tone. Cunning dramatists have preserved the strong situations, and that most useful of all devices for carrying on the action—the long arm of coincidence. At the same time they have discarded the dummy stage-worn quartette—villain, adventuress, hero, and heroine—and have drawn their characters from living models. The new melodrama, if it does not actually spring from America, finds in that country some of its most able exponents. *A White Man*, *Strongheart*, *Arizona*, to name but three of the many strong plays which have come from the other side, are as typical of the new and welcome form of melodrama as *Harbour Lights*, *Hands Across the Sea*, and *The Fatal Card* are of the old. To the budding dramatist who prizes such little adjuncts to his ordinary mode of living as motor-cars, yachts, town and country houses, and a fat bank balance, I would say: Write a melodrama in the new style.

"THE BELOVED VAGABOND"

The interest of all playgoers is now centred in the production, in a few days' time, of *The Beloved Vagabond* at His Majesty's Theatre.

Miss Madge Hodgkinson

THE ALDWYCH MATRIMONIAL AGENCY

Last week were announced the marriages of three members of the company playing in *The Gay Gordons* at the Aldwych: Miss Barbara Deane to Mr. Basil Loder, of the Coldstreams, Miss Madge Hodgkinson to Mr. Paul Grisewood, and Miss Jennie Bateman to another member of the company, Mr. Mervyn Dene

Photos *Rita Martin*

Miss Jennie Bateman

Mr. Locke's vagabond is beloved of all who have read of his adventures, and the utmost keenness is expressed on all sides to see what kind of a stage hero Paragot will make. From news that has filtered to London from Dublin, where the play was first produced, playgoers are expecting (shall we say dreading?) some drastic changes in the stage version, especially regarding Paragot's matrimonial affairs. E. C. S.

THE "ILLUMINATED SYMPHONY"

When I was first informed of the threat to produce an "Illuminated Symphony" at the Queen's Hall, I expressed my regret. With the accomplishment of it, I see no reason to do more than repeat that sentiment. I cannot imagine the condition of that person's brain who can regard such a production as that of Monday, the 20th, as bearing any relation to art. As an entertainment, possibly some may have found it a novelty to be seated in a darkened hall and to listen to some music written in accompaniment to the words of a poem thrown upon an illuminated screen. Admirers of the Richard Strauss school of music, which consists, in the main, of elaborate and startling orchestral combinations strung together without special regard to æsthetic beauty, may have liked the music which Mr. Holbrooke has done to Mr. Trench's poem on its own merits. But, assuming this music to possess artistic value, to follow its gyrations would certainly absorb the entire attention of the listener, and, therefore, the possibility of taking in at the same time the significance of the poem on the screen must be remote. And the same must be said *per contra* of the poetry. Mr. Trench's verse is sufficiently ambitious and sufficiently complex in its allegorical meaning to deserve and compel the undivided attention of the reader. True, there are cases where poetry and sweet music can be wed with harmonious results. A thousand songs, opera, cantata, oratorio, exist to prove this. But the condition of a happy union is that words and music shall be simple, and closely and sympathetically interwoven. The "Illuminated Symphony" demands the working at the same time of two distinct intellects. It is one intellectual labour to understand the poem; it is another to understand the music. Some people possess, and can work, both kinds of intellect, but not at the same time. And even if they could, it is doubtful if they would want to, even for the priceless gratification of being able to spend an evening on the "Illuminated Symphony."

"The O'Grindles" At "The Playhouse"

SKETCHED AT THE PLAYHOUSE BY NORMAN MORROW

CONTINENTAL CHAT

The Socialistic Demonstrations in Prussia

Few people in England know that Germany only exists in the minds of Germans as a sort of political net, as it were, and not a very strong one, thrown over the country, under which the separate States forming the Empire wriggle uncomfortably. Bavaria has broken out more than once; Wurtemberg has often been restive; even Baden has had moments of impatience; but hitherto Prussia has shown nothing but an even frame of mind towards the body politic. Now, however, has come her turn. Her inhabitants, who vote comfortably under universal suffrage for the election of the Reichstag or Imperial Diet, have a very restricted vote for the Prussian Diet, which deals with all the affairs of the Prussian Monarchy. For a little while back a pretty active agitation has been carried on for an extension of the franchise, and promises were given by the Prussian Government—which, by the way, is only partially distinct from the Imperial Government—that a measure would be brought in this Session which would give, at any rate, relative satisfaction to the agitators. On an official statement being made that nothing after all would be done this Session, the agitators lost patience, and very rightly thought they were being trifled with. The result has been a considerable amount of violence in the Prussian capital. It is probable that the Emperor and his Chancellor are afraid that the result of such an extension would very largely introduce the Socialistic element into the Prussian Diet, and make it as much a hot-bed of agitation as the Reichstag itself. The Chancellor has all his time been occupied with fighting advance parties in the Reichstag, and he hardly feels equal to having to parry the attacks of the same parties in the Prussian House.

* * *

Sir Frank Lascelles and the Berlin Embassy

Sir Frank Lascelles, the question of whose retention at the British Embassy in Berlin has arisen, has never been a brilliant Ambassador, though in every respect a creditable one, his chief qualification for the post being the Kaiser's affection for him. Whether on their long walks together any serious State work was ever accomplished is very doubtful, but it is obviously useful for an Ambassador to be on the best possible terms with the ruling powers of the country to which he is accredited. Among his staff, Sir Frank is idolised. I have always wondered why the British Ambassadors to Berlin continue to put up with an Embassy inferior out of all proportion in grandeur and even in dimensions to those of Paris and Rome. Three years ago the Washington Embassy was overhauled and refurnished, and it is high time that its companion in wretchedness underwent the same operation.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Sir Frank Lascelles

Whose retirement from the Berlin Embassy is due, but as he is a great personal friend of the Kaiser it is not unlikely that he will be retained there

* * *

King Leopold and his Cure

King Leopold returned to Brussels in great haste, on receiving the news of the death of his late Prime Minister. The news was a shock to everyone, as M. de Trooz was exceedingly popular, and the negotiations for the absorption of the Congo State had been conducted by him personally. As this is the great question of the hour in Belgium, it was almost a foregone conclusion that the chairman of the Parliamentary Commission in charge of the subject, M. Schollaert, would be his successor. M. Schollaert is another of the most popular men in Belgium. He is an advocate by profession, but has never practised, having all his life been an active politician. On the subject of his appointment the King and Parliament were immediately agreed. The King, meanwhile, has had to devote himself to the affairs of his country, and to suspend his cure for some three weeks. The cure he is undergoing is for an acute attack of rheumatic gout in one of his heels, which makes it impossible for him to indulge in his favourite exercise of walking without great pain. Dr. Sourel is treating him in Paris with quite a new appliance, viz., air heated to 120 degrees centigrade. The patient's foot is placed in a box, through which the heated air passes. This process, though it sounds so terrible, causes the patient no suffering, and the only objection the King has to it is its long duration, and that it exacts a patience which is not one of his natural gifts. It has, however, produced good results, and the King, who could not put the affected leg to the ground a few months ago without pain, is now able to get about on foot again fairly well. In spite of the fact that the King has a certain weakness in his knee, which causes him at times to limp rather badly, his passion for

Keeping Warm—à la Parisienne

HOT CHESTNUTS FOR MY LADY'S MUFF

DEUX SOUS DE MARRONS!

Que de fois, au coin d'une rue, a-t-on vu une élégante Parisienne faire arrêter son auto et en descendre pour acheter deux sous de marrons. Comme le sac bien chaud, dans le manchon, réchauffera le bout des doigts gelés!

From which it will be deduced that the Parisian grande dame *ceases to be* grande *when she is cold; to warm her hands she is not above buying hot chestnuts from a street vendor*

The Suffrage Riots in Berlin

Berlin Riots: The Military in front of the Prussian Diet

walking is so great that he will often tramp from ten to fifteen miles without over-exertion.

* * *

The English and the King of the Belgians

English people are quite mistaken about Belgian feelings respecting King Leopold. None of his subjects for one moment, however strong their feelings may be, impute any sordid motives to the King. They may blame the administration of the Congo, and may not see eye to eye with him respecting the Royal Domaine in the Independent State, but everybody quite understands that he obtains no personal benefit whatsoever from the Congo, and that if he has been reimbursed all he spent, he has given it to the Belgian nation. The great conflict between him and Parliament now is purely a Constitutional one. He wishes the Domaine to be administered by trustees holding their powers from the Crown, and Parliament wishes them to hold their powers from the State. Belgians are most indignant at the imputations of the King's English detractors, and at the idea that their Sovereign should be accused of dishonest transactions. Their feeling is only one of gratitude to him, as they know that when he dies the whole of his accumulations will become public property. The King has not been a spendthrift, and his riches have all been applied to public purposes. The practical sacrifice of his children to the State is in itself perfectly logical, as they have renounced Royal dignity. For the wife of a Hungarian nobleman, like the Countess Lonyay (Princess Stephanie), an income of £3,000 seems sufficient, and Belgian people think it is. The much-martyred Louise gets from husband and father £8,000 a year, and, as regards Princess Clementine, who is unmarried, she has practically every luxury that wealth can give.

* * *

Princess Clementine

Of the three daughters of the King of the Belgians, Princess Clementine is certainly the most popular. She spends the greater part of the year in Belgium, and, as she prefers not to live with her father, a handsome palace is being prepared for her, where she will have her own aides-de-camp, her own courtiers, in fact, her own little Court, subject, however, to many restrictions. Princess Clementine was her late mother's favourite daughter. Her father, too, loved her dearly, but, unfortunately, the Princess acquired from her mother the habit of criticising her Royal father, which gradually alienated his affections. The slight difference there has been between father and daughter could easily be repaired, but both have the same iron will, and neither will yield to the other. The nation, curiously enough, resigns itself to this situation, and although all pity their beloved Princess, nobody blames the father. In this matter they have diplomatically refrained from comment, but sincerely hope the King and his favourite daughter will become the friends they formerly were. Princess Clementine possesses all the qualities that touch the heart of a nation. She has finely chiselled features, her bearing is queenly, she is intelligent, exceedingly dignified, and has her father's intense independence of character.

Photos *Haeckel*

The Crowd: A demonstration before the Diet

A violent agitation, which recently culminated in disorder, is in progress in Prussia, demanding manhood suffrage and the secret ballot in elections for the Diet, the privilege already being enjoyed in Reichstag elections

The Waking Beauty

Photo *Reutlinger*

Mlle. Meyan, who is now playing in "La Princesse Sans Gêne," at the Theatre du Châtelet, Paris

What We May See

A LEAP YEAR PREDICAMENT

EDWIN *(coyly)*: "But this is so sudden! Besides, Muriel's only just proposed, and I've referred her to Mamma!"

BY BERT THOMAS

ALPINE WINTER SPORTS SUPPLEMENT

"ARE YOU READY?"

Photo *Ballance*

The German Crown Prince, with his suite, bobsleighing at St. Moritz. Behind the Prince (who is steering) is the Crown Princess. Their Imperial Highnesses are exceedingly enthusiastic in winter sports of all kinds, and have just spent a fortnight in the Engadine

Ice-Runs at St. Moritz

Roman Post Gymkhana

The winner of the prize for the best decorated toboggan

Going Like Lightning

The "Seal," the record-breakers, round the Sunny Corner on their bobsleigh at forty miles an hour

STEERING WITH THE HAND

Photos *Ballance*

Taking the big corner on the new "Dimson" run at St. Moritz

Five Years a Champion

MR. J. A. BOTT TURNS THE SHUTTLECOCK

Phot. *Ballance*

The greatest annual tobogganing event at St. Moritz—and one may say of Switzerland itself—is the "Grand National," which is run on the Cresta run early in March. Mr. Bott has been the winner for five years. The race was inaugurated in 1885, and is over a course of 1,320 yards. The best aggregate of three courses decides the winner. The fastest time for one course was when Mr. J. A. Bott tied with the Comte de Bylandt in 1905: both did the run in 1 min. 03 sec. The record for three courses was made by C. Martin in 1904, the time being 3 min. 7·7 sec.

Bobbing

THE DELIGHT OF DAVOS

Bobsleighs starting from the Curhaus, Davos Platz

"Bobbing" is ousting tobogganing as the favourite sport at Davos, and the new run has now been specially built at a cost of £4,000

DAVOS ICE RINK

Where all the greatest skating championships are held. It is the largest ice rink in Europe

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

A Skating Gymkhana

THE OBSTACLE RACE AT VILLARS

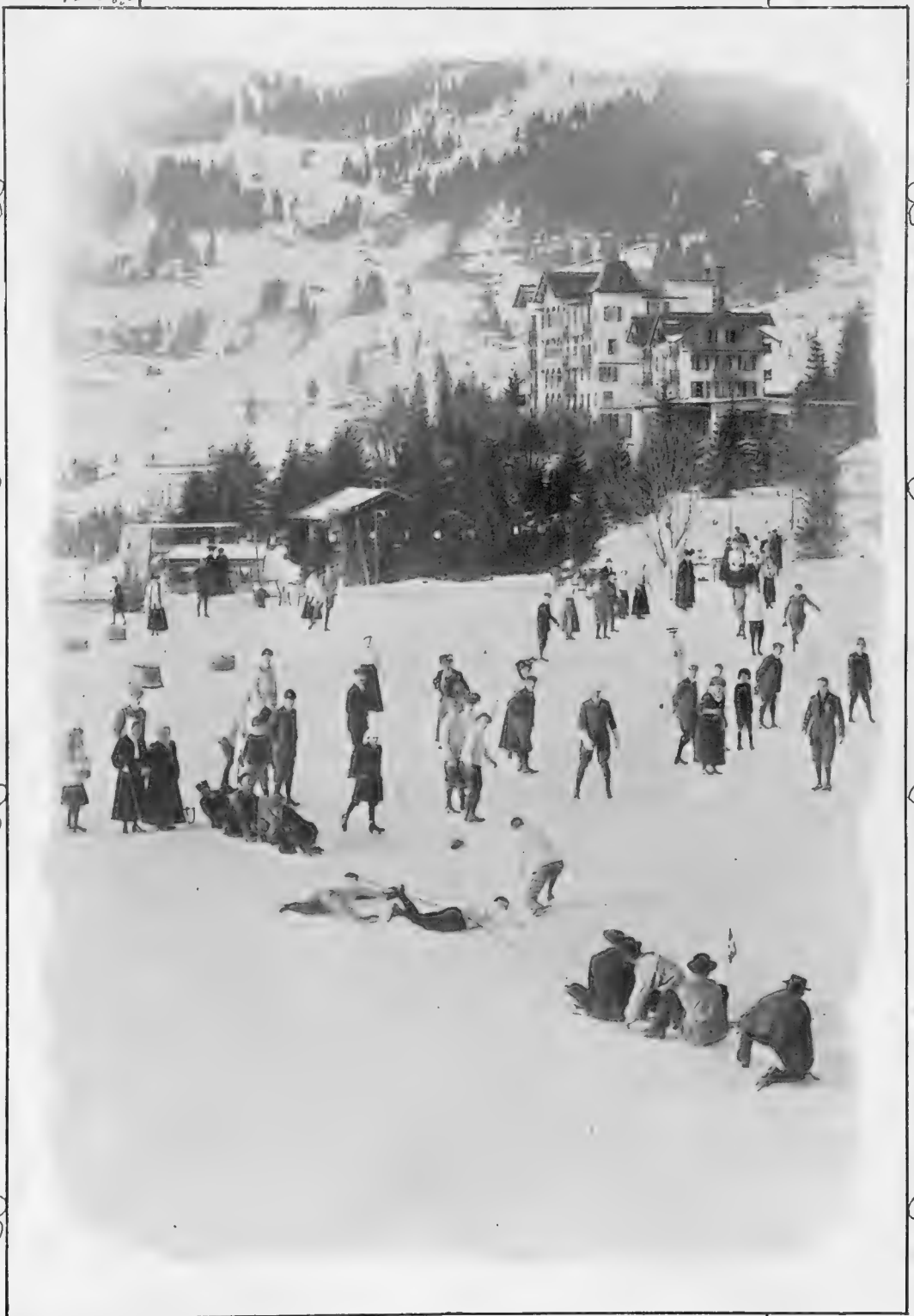


Photo *Johnson*

Villars is not entirely given up to the more serious of winter sports. Such merry diversions as obstacle races, egg and spoon contests, etc., etc., cause much merriment of a rough and tumble order

"The Roaring Game"

Scotch Curlers at Kandersteg: The winning stone

Photo *Ward Muir*

TAKING AIM

The largest *Bonspiel* held on the Continent takes place at Kanders'eg, when twenty or thirty rinks come over from Scotland and compete successfully against the best native and Anglo-Swiss rinks. The photographs at the foot are of two very well-known curlers at Kandersteg, Lord Lyveden and Mr. Bertram Smith

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 114

LADY ANN

A Love Story

By R. RAMSAY

LADY ANN RIDDESDALE had walked up from the station.

She wore a black cotton frock, French and simple, and a white rose tucked in her waist; and her cheeks were tinted an eager pink.

It was a blazing hot afternoon. The shops on either side of the narrow country street had each its strip of awning, looking like a row of aprons spread in the sun; and the magic word "Ices" in big white letters stuck up in the tea-shop window caught Lady Ann's attention. She laughed, and shut her parasol.

"So this is the place!" she said, marching in.

The establishment had evidently been started with the idea of introducing London fashions into this country town. The front shop was picturesque in curtains, and the tea-room was furnished with heavy black oak tables and chairs, Japanese screens, and antique mirrors. It was just the kind of place to meet and talk secrets in. This afternoon, apparently, its elegant pseudo-antiquity was deserted.

Lady Ann paused in the middle of all this, and called out—"Rosy!"

A far-away voice responded—or so she fancied—and she dived after it into a passage at the side and up a high, mysterious, narrow stair, at the summit of which she came upon a door ajar.

"Are you in there, Rosy?" she called, panting a little and rattling the latch. "I feel exactly like Jack and the Beanstalk, or any other explorer—by turns awfully bold and—bashful. May I walk in?"

She heard a muffled exclamation, and promptly did so, finding herself in a large, bare, very untidy attic, rather suggestive of camping out. On the mantelpiece stood a pathetic row of medicine bottles, and upon a little iron bed, lay a girl of about thirty, with a sharp, thin face and frizzy dark hair.

"Oh!" she cried, starting up. "You haven't really come to me? Oh, you angel!"

Lady Ann had kissed her quickly. She stood looking down into the tired, sallow face of her brilliant school-fellow with a kind of amazed compassion.

She had seen so little of Rosy since they had left school, though they had been very fond of each other and had wept in each other's arms at parting. It had taken the piteous letter she had received that morning telling how Rosy had fallen ill, trying single-handed to run a tea-shop, and was at her wit's end, and hadn't a soul to take care of her, to bridge over the distance they had drifted, and bring her shocked school-fellow flying to her side.

"My poor Rosy!" she repeated, patting the frizzy head. "My poor Rosy, what on earth have you done to yourself?"

"It's just the heat," sighed Rosy—"the heat and the running up and down, and the worry. I'm not paying my way, you know; and I can only afford a woman to scrub and so on. She's gone out to try and find somebody to help, but goodness knows——"

Lady Ann was unpinning her hat.

"I wish I was rich!" she said, "I would whisk you off and pamper you in my palace. But you know, my dear, I'm really as poor as you are. I hardly ever have a farthing. The only thing I can do for you is to stay and take care of you and mind the shop."

"Oh!" Rosy said weakly, "but will they let you?"

"I didn't go into particulars," said Lady Ann calmly. "I told them I was called away suddenly to nurse a school-fellow who was ill. They were awfully angry, poor dears. You see, we are all hard-up, Rosy, and the family had been plotting. They are expecting some horrid American millionaire, a dreadful person called Augustus, who wants to marry into the aristocracy, as they call it, and my precious family had quite decided to offer me up to him. So I've made my escape."

The other girl listened with a half-envious, half-sympathetic smile. This was the very same Lady Ann, the girl full of warm-hearted impulses, often imprudent, but always kind. Who else would have cared a straw for Rosy's extremity—who else would have quixotically hurried to her side? It was just like her.

"First," said Lady Ann, "I'll put you properly to bed, and you shall tell me what the doctor says, and how I'm to run this establishment."

Rosy submitted, too dizzy to resist, and explained feebly how the doctor had said it was killing her to go on, and that all she wanted was rest of mind and body (so easy! she remarked bitterly). She was indulging in lamentation when they heard a violent tinkle in the tea-shop far down below.

"A customer!" cried Lady Ann, and for a minute listened, breathless.

Yes, the shop door had shut upon its tinkling, and someone walked deliberately, distinctly, into the tea-room. The girls stared at each other, and then, as Rosy made a faint attempt to rise, Lady Ann broke into a passion of struggling laughter.

"Quick!" she gasped. "Where do you keep your —apparel?"

She made a dash at the blue cotton frock that Rosy indicated, and stood up a moment with bare arms, clad only in her silk petticoat and little lace under-bodice, while she slipped it on over her head. It buttoned up the back, alas!—and then there were the long strings of the starched white pinafore to be caught and tied, after which she kissed Rosy, and plunged gallantly down the stairs.

As she paused to collect her dignity in the kitchen passage she saw in the mirror opposite the reflection of a newspaper and a broad pair of shoulders. It gave her a shock to discover that the customer was a man.

There he sat, a terrible stranger, behind the paper, with his long legs stretched out, expecting her to come and wait upon him. The thought that he was also a hungry stranger struck her suddenly, and touched her.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

The customer dropped his newspaper and stood up as she entered.

Lady Ann was accustomed to that look of startled admiration, but somehow it made her nervous now. For one thing, he was much too big, and his eyes were such a peculiar, searching blue; and she wanted to laugh and could not.

"Do you—want—something to eat?" she said. Her embarrassment had communicated itself to him.

"I should like a chop, if you please," he stammered apologetically.

There was a fire in the kitchen, and quantities of little brown teapots, and a toasting-fork. Lady Ann cast a wild look round for chops, but saw nothing of the kind; the only thing was to fly out secretly to the butcher's shop opposite. She procured two, and returned breathless to cook them both experimentally on the toasting-fork.

The customer *was* a gentleman. He studied his paper fixedly, until she put down the chops at his elbow with an air of haughty unconsciousness.

"Oh, thanks," he exclaimed, starting. It struck her that he had forgotten what he had ordered; and he looked so young and boyish, in spite of his height, that Lady Ann felt oddly sorry for him.

"I hope that is how you cook them," she said impulsively. "They are very little chops."

"You don't mean to say," he cried, casting an awestruck glance upon his plate, and then looking straight at her—"you don't mean to say you've cooked the things yourself?"

His gaze was so full of ridiculous compunction that Lady Ann was lost. She had always had a dangerous trick of laughter. It was true that she retreated stiffly as soon as she had recovered, but the young man waited on most unaccountably until she felt obliged to come back and see what was the matter.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but you know—how much?"

"Oh!" cried Lady Ann involuntarily. "I forgot that you had to pay."

She wrote out an elaborate ticket and very carefully gave him change out of a little drawer in the front shop that she discovered with his help.

"I've been in before," he said, "I live near here. My name is Seaton."

"My business name," said Lady Ann grandly—she hesitated, and looked at the chocolate boxes stacked all over the shop—"is Fuller."

"I see," he said, smiling. "Well, I wish you luck, Miss Fuller. I think it's awfully plucky in a lady to start a thing like this; and if I can be of any service to you I shall be only too pleased."

He put out his hand as a matter of course, and shook hers, and when he had gone she remained unconsciously looking out. He was so charming and so respectful, with his blue eyes and his slight American accent. It was odd that his name was Seaton.

. . . . .

"Rosy," said Lady Ann that night, when the establishment had been closed and the lights extinguished, and she lay tired out on a rickety iron bed that the scrubbing woman had made up for her in that high attic, "are you supposed to talk to customers?"

"You have to be polite?" said Rosy.

Lady Ann lay gazing dreamily into the warm distances of the summer night.

"Do you know," she asked in a low voice, "anybody called Seaton?"

"*What*?" shrieked Rosy, sitting up in bed. "Has he been in? And I've missed him! Annabel, Annabel, did he buy any sweets? Did he ask after me? It's Mr. Augustus Seaton, the American millionaire!"

But Lady Ann lay quite silent. In the darkness her cheeks had coloured a sudden scarlet, and then turned pale.

. . . . .

Mr. Seaton came in the following afternoon, and walked into the tea-shop like an old acquaintance.

"How are you?" he said. "Now, I don't want to give you trouble. What's the least troublesome thing I can have? Upon my honour—— Not tea; no, you would have to boil a kettle."

"I'm just going to have my own," said Lady Ann.

He was irresistible as he stood over her smiling, his blue eyes looking right into hers.

"Are you going to let me have it with you? Oh, do!" he cried.

There was not any customers to be shocked. She let him follow her to one of the little oaken tables, where she had put down her own brown teapot and bread and butter.

The whole affair was like a play; she was enjoying it with a delicious sense of unreality, and some of the reckless spirit of an actress. The circumstances were so inspiritingly odd. But the oddest thing of all was to sit opposite this man who did not know her, this millionaire whose threatened courtship she had escaped.

"Do you know," said the American suddenly, in the low voice a man drops into when he is going to tell you about himself, "you are astonishingly like a lady I had a glimpse of once in London. That was what knocked me over when I saw you yesterday afternoon?"

Had she only known him since yesterday? Oh, she should have made him sit at a separate table and waited distantly upon him. His smile assured her that they were old friends—and perhaps he thought so. These Americans were so outrageously prompt.

"I'm going to allow you to laugh at me," he continued. "I saw that lady, but I could not get introduced, so I got acquainted with her people, and asked them to invite me down to stay. You see, I had to know her. I'd made up my mind to ask her to be my wife."

His quiet, matter-of-fact tone prevented the girl from thinking that he was mad. Were all Americans like this—so utterly unconscious and direct? And was it possible? Could this explain the extraordinary application through her cousins that she had looked upon as an insult, and her family, poor things, as a special Providence?

She looked up with a kind of terror lest he might have guessed who she was, and her lips instinctively parted in careless speech.

"Are you going to?"

He looked at her with a curious intentness that took in the distinction of her slight figure in its blue cotton frock, her gracious friendliness, so unlike the self-conscious pertness of the conventional tea-shop lady; the charm of her bent head, and the faint colour in her cheeks. It lit a smile in his eyes.

"No," he said, "not now."

(*Continued on page 242*)

The Amateur Gibson Girl

A PLEASING FEATURE OF THE THEATRICALS AT THE SCALA

The Opening of the Second Act of the Amateur Production of "The Catch of the Season" at the Scala

Left to right: Mrs. Riddell, Miss Wolff, Miss Cousins, Miss Radford, Miss Tomlin, Miss McConnell

Some Fair Amateur Followers of Miss Camille Clifford

To help to wipe off the £3,000 debt of the Kensington General Hospital, a series of three performances of the Vaudeville success, *The Catch of the Season*, was given at the Scala Theatre by a large company of well-known amateurs. The rôle of Angela was assumed by Miss Enid Lang, niece of Lord Iveagh, while Mr. Seymour Hicks's part, the Duke of St. Jermyns, was taken by Mr. Noel Curtis-Bennett, the well-known magistrate's son

(Continued from page 240)

There was a significant pause, one of those accidental silences that follow fatal words, and then Lady Ann rose like a princess to remove the teapot. Her fingers trembled a little, but she held her head high until she had got out of his sight. Did he know? Had he recognised her, and was he trying to convey to her discreetly that this discovery had dissipated the enchantment that the first sight of her elsewhere had laid upon him? Of course, to a Transatlantic lord-worshipper nothing could be more shocking, she told herself scornfully, than such a blow. Perhaps—she laughed weakly in the safe harbour of the kitchen—he looked upon her as an impostor.

She heard him moving restlessly in the shop. He probably wanted to pay for his tea. Oh, how could she go back and face him? The idea of his knowing who she was, was insupportable; and if he did not know, the conviction might come to him at any moment.

Like a frightened child she deserted her post, and fled up the stairs to Rosy.

. . . . . .

On Friday afternoon she saw Mr. Seaton coming up the street with a lady.

Before they had arrived at the tea-shop Lady Ann was out of it and in the kitchen, tying her frivolous apron, with fingers that shook slightly, round the scrubbing woman. She sent that party in to take his order, but saw him in the mirror passing into the tea-room, with his arm in the stranger's, and had also a glimpse of her. She was young and dark, with thin wrists jingling with bangles, and an impetuous, pretty face. Her voice was shrill and incessant, and his broke into her chatter occasionally in slow tones of amused affection; he was taking indulgent care of her, and there was no mistaking that he was fond of her—and he called her "Minnie."

The scrubbing woman came out interested. Those two in there, she volunteered, were lovers. And Lady Ann, spooning out strawberry ices and keeping haughtily out of sight, wondered at the quick thrill of injury that seized her, that and an aching, incomprehensible sense of loss.

It did not matter to her; of course it did not matter. But was that why he had said "Not now"?

She was more puzzled to understand her feelings a day or two later, when the creature Minnie walked into the shop alone, to be followed in about five minutes by a person who was not Mr. Augustus Seaton.

There was really no reason why she should be angry with these two for sitting in the most remote corner of the tea-room behind a big Japanese screen, chuckling and whispering over their tea like conspirators. It was not her business if the wretched girl whom Mr. Seaton did the honour to care for felt able to flirt behind his back with another man. Nevertheless, her heart burned with righteous anger, and a queer championship that nearly choked her when she thought of him.

Lady Ann sat with her little hands clenched fiercely trying to shut her ears. These screens were a dreadful temptation to silly people talking secrets; they felt invisible, and forgot what a flimsy barrier hid them while betraying their incautious voices. When they parted at last, leaving separately, Lady Ann had heard, in spite of her efforts, what indicated all too plainly a clandestine understanding.

She did not sleep that night. Nor, when she came down into the tea-shop to dust it and lie in wait for chary customers was she quite herself. She felt a strange certainty that Mr. Seaton would come in.

"I hope I'm not going to be ill," she repeated. Her hands had begun to tremble curiously before she even saw his shadow pass in the sunshine, and when he did enter she could not look up at him.

"How are you?" he said, putting out his hand; and then his voice altered. He did not drop hers, but clasped it. "Why, what is the matter?" he asked.

Lady Ann's breath came fast. What a dear he looked, this big young man with the searching blue eyes and the humorous mouth. How strong and kind and straightforward. Oh, how could any woman deceive him?

She wondered unhappily if it was a cowardly thing to tell him; she had to, she knew she had to; she could not let him be cheated. Young as she was she felt a motherly passion of protection; she lifted her pale face to his, and her eyes were desperately kind and sorry.

"You came in here with a lady once, Mr. Seaton. She—she was here, too, yesterday afternoon."

"Alone?" he said, with an odd swiftness.

"No. There was a man———"

He said something under his breath, and dropped her hand. She saw that he understood.

"A dark man, with a black moustache; foreign-looking? Yes, I see. The brute——!" he said, walking up and down the shop in strong excitement. Then he stopped before her.

"I can't tell you how obliged I am to you," he said. "That man is an adventurer, a rascal; I've threatened to shoot him twice. If I could only keep Minnie away from him! She's weak, you know, easily persuaded, and she's cursed with money. And, besides, he knows if once he gets her in his power I'd do anything rather than have her suffer. He makes her lie to me, too; she promised——! I can't bully Minnie, you know, poor child, poor little silly child!"

He advanced suddenly upon Lady Ann, and took her hands in his.

"You're a brave girl," he said. "I brought her in to see you, you know; I wanted you to know each other—but you weren't here. You'll help me? Oh, I don't want you"—with a kind of laugh—"to put poison into his tea. Only, if he comes here again with Minnie—or without her—let me know. Run in to the post office and telephone—there's a wire to my house. I'll be here in my automobile in seven minutes. Will you do this for me?"

He stooped closer to Lady Ann; her fingers ached in his grip, and the stirred quality of his voice vibrated in her heart. In breathless terror she knew what was the matter with her. She loved him. Oh, what a fool! And he was asking her to help him to keep another woman——!

She heard her own voice, strained and low, as if from some immeasurable distance, telling him that she would.

. . . . . .

Lady Ann was drawing down her blue curtains at dusk one evening when a little muffled figure sprang into the shop. She threw off the big fur cloak that hung to her feet, and was evidently worn rather as a disguise than a wrap on this languorous summer night, and flung it down, with a jewel-case, on a chair.

(Continued on page 244)

THE SCENE OF THE DROOD MYSTERY

ROCHESTER, THE "CLOISTERHAM" OF DICKENS' UNFINISHED TALE

The Nuns' House, Cloisterham
Otherwise East Gate House, Rochester, Miss Twinkleton's "Seminary for Young Ladies," where Rosa Bud went to school

Photos] **John Jasper's Home: The Gate House, Rochester** [*Dexter*

The Mystery of Edwin Drood at His Majesty's revives interest in the supposed scene of this drama, Cloisterham, otherwise Rochester, which Dickens describes as "An ancient city and no meet dwelling-place for anyone with hankerings after the noisy world. . . . A drowsy city, whose inhabitants seem to suppose, with an inconsistency more strange than rare, that all its changes lie behind it, and that there are no more to come. . . . In a word, a city of another and a bygone time is Cloisterham, with its hoarse cathedral bell, its hoarse rooks hovering about the cathedral tower, its hoarser and less distinct rooks in the stalls far beneath"—in fact, a fitting birthplace for one of the mysteries of the world, no less thrilling for being the unsolved and unsolvable puzzle of a novelist's imagination

(*Continued from page 242*)

"I want some coffee, please," she said in the shrill voice that Lady Ann was not likely to forget.

"Will you come into the inner room?" she asked courteously, and the girl followed rapidly into the less public part. She had her coffee, and sat feverishly sipping it behind the screens. She was tired and excited, and her eyes were unnaturally bright. Some instinct warned Lady Ann to hurry in shutting up.

She had hardly reached the door when the man she had feared to see arrived. Quickly, with beating pulses, she barred his way.

"The establishment is closed," she said.

He laughed insolently, pushing in.

"There is a lady expecting me here," he said, and thrust his way past her. The girl Minnie started up.

"Ah, you are there, *chérie*?" he said triumphantly. "Good. I return in five minutes with the motor."

The girl sank into her chair behind the screens with a little high sob of excitement, and Lady Ann, standing in the shadow, watched him disappear, and then ran softly to the door, and, hatless, up the street. Five minutes!

The post office was nearly empty; she signified, panting, that she wanted to telephone, and rang him up.

"Mr. Seaton, Mr. Seaton!" she called urgently, Thank Heaven he was there; she thrilled from head to foot as he spoke in answer.

"Keep them till I come," he said in reply to her message; only that, trusting her to do it; and she would, she could not fail him. But how?

Already, as she had reached the tea-shop, the ominous, fierce lights wheeled in sight; the car was running silently up the deserted street; it was almost there.

In a flash inspiration seized her. She caught up the immense fur cloak lying carelessly in the outer shop, put it on, and slipped out into the street. It was nearly dark, so nearly that her figure was just a blur.

The man was driving himself. He saw the girl run to meet him, and never guessed that this appearance of triumph might mask defeat.

"In!" he said. "Quick! He's such a sharp devil—Seaton."

She jumped in behind, for she dared not risk sitting beside him, and he started immediately, without suspicion. They slid up the street rapidly, and the little town with its springing lights seemed to slip from them as they left it and plunged into the darkness of an unlighted road.

And then Lady Ann sat shuddering at the thought of what she had done.

At first she had forgotten everything but the man for whose sake she had strung herself up to this; she had pictured him bursting into the deserted tea-shop, white and eager, and finding the situation saved. Naturally, Minnie would cry and confess, with his arm round her; and he would learn from her hysterical repentance that she had been running away from him. But would he guess, would her imagine, how Minnie had been rescued? Would he, in his relief, stop to remember her?

Spirit and courage dropped from her suddenly. She felt terrified and forsaken, like a child in the dark.

It was at that moment that she saw two strange, bright lights, like stars in the road, behind; and she gripped the padded seat hard, that she might not cry out at the sudden leap of her heart.

The man driving jerked his head round as if by instinct.

"Ah!" he said significantly, and then the car swung on faster.

The hedges flew past, the road seemed a reeling strip, and the huge machine quivered under its frightful speed. But still it could not shake off the pursuing lights.

Ah, Heaven, it was not all bitterness! The man she loved, the man for whose sake she had done this mad thing, had not forgotten her.

Fascinated, the girl stared into the live darkness. There had been a wide, black stretch between them, but it was getting less and less. If they were going dangerously fast, as she knew by the leaps and shivering of the thing under her, what must the risk be in that other car? Her heart fainted for the pursuer.

"Oh, God, keep him safe, keep him safe!" she cried out, and with a wild impulse, to stop his danger at any cost, she leaned over in the rocking motor and pressed her hands tight, desperately, over the driver' eyes.

There was a bound, a terrible jar, and a crash.

. . . . . .

"My darling! My darling!"

That was a strange way of thanking her. Lady Ann gave a bewildered sigh, and turned her cheek half consciously as it lay against something rough—a man's coat, with a man's heart beating hard underneath.

She was dimly sure that she was not hurt—only stunned and—happy; and that people were extricating a man who was swearing fiercely in a foreign language from the wreck of a motor-car in the hedge.

"I did what I could," she said.

"I know, I know," said the dear voice, moved to a strange tenderness. "I got there as quick as I could, and found Minnie in hysterics, and guessed what you had done for me."

"And you left her?" said Lady Ann faintly. The arm that was round her tightened.

"I should think so," Mr. Seaton said, with a queer, unsteady laugh. "I had to come after you. A man's sister means much to him, but a man's sweetheart——! My God, if you were not safe——!"

The world was spinning round her. She lifted her face in its dizzy rapture, white and amazed, and trembled in his arms at the look in his.

"Do you know what you are saying?" she said, very, very softly.

"No," he said. "How should I? I'm still half crazy because of you. But I believe I'm trying to tell you that I fell in love with you at first sight, when I looked up and saw you, like a goddess, in your apron. I'm that sort of a happy fool."

Lady Ann gave a little gasp, putting out her hands in a weak, ridiculous effort to keep him off.

"You don't know who I am," she said. "I was ashamed to tell you. My name is—my name is Ann Riddesdale."

"*What*?" he cried. She thrilled at his astonishment, and then felt him hold her closer.

"Why," he said, "you darling! Then I've done it twice!"

And Lady Ann played Providence later to her family, and to Rosy, and married for love besides.

R. Ramsay.

BY FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT

Photo **A Pack Hunted by Ladies: The Misses Rose-Cleland with the Rathgael Harriers, Bangor, Co. Down** [*Lafayette*

This is the only pack of which Master, huntsman, and whippers-in are all ladies. The Misses Rose-Cleland are genuine enthusiasts and good horsewomen

Hunting "Langwidge"

The man who has control (or tries to have) of a hard-riding field in a fashionable country on a bad scenting day finds his temper pretty well tried, and it is wonderful how men like Captain Forester and Lord Annaly and Mr. Charles McNeill manage to keep the "thrusting brigade" so well in hand as they do without resorting to some of those violent expletives which the M.F.H. of a former day seemed to consider essential. It is a pleasant sign of the times that the air of the hunting-field is seldom lurid with "langwidge"; many more ladies ride to hounds than in the old days, and that may account for the improvement. Still, Masters and their deputies are occasionally provoked in a shameful way, and if they "rap out" hotly at the offenders few can wonder. It reminds one of that excellent story told of the man, a subscriber in rather a big way, who had been severely admonished by the M.F.H. for careless riding. "Look here," he said indignantly, riding up to the Master when hounds had come to a check, "I didn't come out to be d——d." "Oh! well," promptly retorted the harassed Master, "go home and be d——d!"

Photo **Mr. Gerald Dudley Smith** [*Whitlock*

Who, much to the regret of the followers of the Croome Hounds, is giving up the Mastership of that pack at the end of the season

Good Sport After the Frost

Thanks to the rapid disappearance of the severe frost, nearly every pack was able to resume hunting on the 16th or 17th inst., and since then much good sport has been enjoyed. Mr. Fernie's hounds have run delightfully several times, their very first day after the thaw being marked by a brilliant gallop from Shangton Holt over the cream of their country. For a few weeks before the frost the Quorn Hounds, after having been persistently dogged by shocking scent, had run quite in their finest form, and everyone was delighted (if only for the sake of those tremendous workers, Captain Forester and Tom Bishopp) to see them speedily pick up the thread of good sport. Their hunt from Lord Morton's gorse to Launde was worthy of the best Quorn traditions. I hope many more like it will fall to the followers of the Leicestershire pack before the end of the season.

With the Grafton

According to my Towcester correspondent, the Grafton have also been doing well. Mr. McNeill and his hounds showed the field some splendid hunting in a woodland day from Bucknalls. On the following day Batchelor was carrying the horn, and a grand hunt from Kingthorne Wood (a covert close to Mr. Wilder's place, where they had met) for one hour and twenty minutes over some of the best and biggest of the Grafton country, hounds killing their fox in the gardens of Blakesley Hall, made the day one of the best these hounds have had this season. Hounds did not need much help, but when they did Batchelor was always there to give it, and he is a fine man across country, which is most essential for anyone hunting the Grafton. No one saw the hunt better than Mr. Borritt, who, losing his hat at the first fence, finished the day without it. I only hope that if he returned to look for it next day, he will not have found it had been taken possession of by the scarecrow who was gracing the middle of a field hard by. Miss Glazebrook (a brilliant horsewoman) was also near them all through the hunt. Mr. Wilder (who rides beautiful horses) saw the gallop well, and gave the few who dared to take it on so late in the gallop a lead over a big stile just before hounds killed. Little Miss Muirhead Gould, who will one day make a fine rider, was going with the best of them on her wonderful four-year-old pony that jumps the biggest places in real good form. Master Ronald McNeill also saw the gallop well on one of his father's hunters.

New Masters of Foxhounds

Very happily for hunting people in West Norfolk, the Earl of Romney has agreed to take the place to be vacated by Mr. Albert Collison at the end of the season. An excellent arrangement. A very keen sportsman, who has hunted practically all his life with the West Norfolk, Lord Romney is also an influential landowner in the county—a combination hard to beat. "Plenty of foxes and heaps of luck" is The Bystander's wish for the East Anglian pack under their new leader. From Ireland comes the news that Mr. Isaac Bell has accepted the Kilkenny Hunt's offer, which means, of course, that he will be leaving the Galway "Blazers" at the end of the season. Naturally, the Galway men are sorry to lose one of the best M.F.H.'s it has ever been their luck to have; the Kilkenny people are correspondingly delighted, and look for the popular "Ikey" to make things "hum" in the old country.

Photo *Miss Agg*

The Veteran Huntsman of the Cotswold Hounds

Charles Travess talking to Mr. Gordon Canning, Master of a private pack of foxhounds. Travess is retiring after thirty-six years with the Cotswold

Some Short Reigns

As against the two new appointments mentioned in the preceding paragraph, a lot more vacant Masterships have been announced. Some of the retiring M.F.H.'s have apparently soon grown tired of the game. For example, Mr. Henry Connop gives up the Tedworth after only one season. Mr. R. H. Baskerville leaves North Cornwall after a similarly brief tenure of office. And Sir John Hume-Campbell's retirement from the North Cotswold country is announced almost before he has had time to settle down. Certainly a wide selection is now offered to the sportsman desirous of taking a hunting country.

Vacant Countries

The would-be M.F.H. can, if a suitable candidate, have them of all sizes and all prices—the latter having reference to the subscription. In addition to those Hunts already mentioned, he might take the Blackmore Vale, which hunt over one of the most delightful countries in the kingdom. If he wants a Midland district, he has his choice of the Atherstone and the North Warwickshire. If he fancies a light plough country, he might have the Tickham; while the West Kent is available in the same county. If he doesn't fear the likelihood of such little Irish pleasantries as cattle driving and obstructions, he could take the Duhallow, the Westmeath, the "Blazers," or the East Galway in that ever-distressful land. Then, in the West Midlands, the Croome people are looking for a successor to Mr. Gerald Dudley Smith. In fact, the list seems to be well-nigh inexhaustible.

A. W. C.

The Curious Fate of South Bucks Pigeons

Lately in South Bucks flocks of wood pigeons have been seen to settle in trees, and soon after have been found dead in great numbers. Dr. Tice-Marsh, of Guy's Hospital, has diagnosed the disease they are suffering from as diphtheria. Thousands of birds have died in this mysterious way, which is baffling scientific naturalists

Out with a Crack Pack

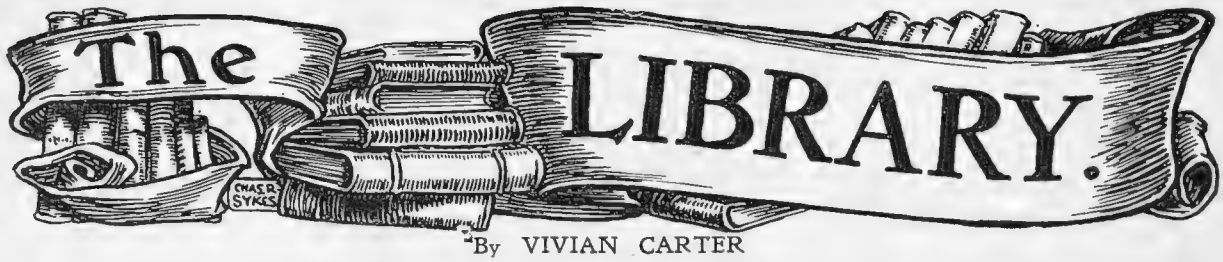
Some of the Pytchley Field

Colonel Brabazon
A well-known follower of the pack

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

The Pytchley Hounds Going to Covert at Barby

On the resumption of hunting after the frost, big fields attended the meets of the Pytchley, perhaps the most fashionable Hunt in the kingdom



By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"The Pest." By W. Teignmouth Shore. (John Long: 6s.)
"Demos Awakes." By David Christie Murray. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Porters of Woodthorpe." By Muriel Darche. (John Long: 6s.)
"Graham of Claverhouse." By Ian Maclaren. (John Murray.)
"A Sheaf of Corn." By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen.)
"Christianity and the Social Order." By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A. (Chapman and Hall: 6s.)

WAS CHRIST A SOCIALIST?

THE SEQUEL TO MR. CAMPBELL'S "NEW THEOLOGY"

The Rev. R. J. Campbell (why is he not "Dr."?) says:

"I now regard Socialism as the practical expression of Christian ethics and the Evangel of Jesus."

He says it in the course of a most interesting book, entitled *Christianity and the Social Order* (Chapman and Hall: 6*s*.). Incidentally, he says much else of great interest, which is more or less what he has said previously, under the title of "The New Theology." As we know, those of us who have followed Mr. Campbell's evolutions, he disputes the Bible's inspiration, he despises orthodox Christianity, he doubts the Incarnation and the Resurrection, and the miracles of Jesus, and he emphatically repudiates the Atonement.

Of scepticism, Mr. Campbell is a notable exponent, and all would-be Agnostics (that is, people who learn everything in order to know nothing) will welcome his lucid *exposé* of the fallacies of accepted beliefs as bright, bracing, and up to date.

* * *

By No Means the Same Thing

But the trouble about Mr. Campbell's book is its conclusion: that Christianity is—Socialism. True, as he says, the object of the Master was "the realisation of a universal brotherhood on earth," and that such is, also, the "fundamental principle of Socialism." But, despite Euclid, this is a case where things which are equal to the same thing are not equal to one another. The brotherhood aimed at by the Saviour, and that of the Socialists, as sketched out at the end of Mr. Campbell's book, differ fundamentally. The Christian kingdom (assuming, with Mr. Campbell, that it was designed to be of an earthly and not a heavenly nature) was to be the outcome of the cultivation of love, of meekness, of forgiveness; its participants were to renounce wealth and worldly ideals; were to "take no thought for the morrow"; were to be "as little children," or (in another dictum) as the "lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin."

* * *

A Fundamental Difference

Whereas the first step towards Christian perfection was *renunciation*, the first step towards Socialist perfection is *acquisition*. Grab, grab, grab! Get the land, sources of wealth and power, railways, etc., etc., that the people may have them, and share among themselves, in equal ratio, the *profits* accruing from the prosecution of trade. And, that done, make everybody work for a set time, for a set wage. Work—Profit—that is the beautiful basis of Mr. Campbell's new "Christian" Commonwealth. May I ask him, as an authority (though *not* a D.D.), in which of His sayings Jesus Christ expressed even the remotest interest in Work or Profit—or, in fact, in economical conditions of any kind whatever? It is not recorded that He Himself was ever other than the "carpenter's *son*"; we have no record of actual practice of that or any other craft. A wayfarer He, a *causeur*, a *bon viveur*, His whole life, so far as we know it through Scripture, was one of a beautiful idleness. Did he not bid the wavering follower with a dead father to "let the dead bury their dead"? Did he not extol Mary above Martha, who was "cumbered with much service"? If we ever hear of work at all in connection with the life of our Lord, it is the cessation of it, caused by His interruptions.

* * *

The Industrial Bugbear

The eternal objection of the man of imagination to the Socialistic Commonwealth is not the principle of equality, but the industrial basis on which it rests. One's soul revolts from bondage and slavery, even under the most genial conditions and when your taskmaster's name is the State. The necessity of labour we admit, but that it is a sacred condition of the Perfect Life is a preposterous theory. True, Carlyle has said, "All true work is sacred." But what *true* work is ever done otherwise than in response to individual stimulus? One works for the necessaries; for the luxuries; for the gratification of personal ambition; for the advancement of an abstract idea. But the supposition that the same quality of work as is, at present, given voluntarily to the world by individuals will be extorted from them compulsorily by a State, at fixed rates of pay, is pardonable enough in ignorant agitators, while intolerable in men of intellect such as Mr. Campbell.

It is really hardly worth pursuing Mr. Campbell's ludicrous parallel further. Suffice it to say that if, as a Socialist, he is looking for a supernatural Supporter of the system of equality, fixed routine, and continuous labour, he had better apply elsewhere than in Heaven.

A BATCH OF NEW NOVELS

In Miss Muriel Darche we welcome a new novelist who seems to possess a distinct talent for simple narrative and for characterisation. Her little story, *The Porters of Woodthorpe* (Long: 6*s.*), is quite pleasing. It treats of the fortunes of the family of a tradesman's widow with considerable humour. The substance of the story is the disappearance of the widow's eldest boy, who is allowed to join a travelling theatrical company, *en route* for Dublin, by the manager, who expects that a reward will be forthcoming on returning him to his mother. When, however, that indignant lady declines not only to pay ransom, but even to receive the youth back again, Mr. "Orlando Shakespeare" is very angry. Still, he allows the boy to remain in the company, from which beginning he really does blossom out as an actor, with highly interesting consequences. I can see Miss Darche becoming, one of these days, a Lucas Cleeve, or an L. T. Meade, or a Curtis Yorke, for she has an inventive fertility and a descriptive talent which should enable her to pen any number of pleasing little novels.

* * *

Mr. Long kindly affords me the interesting information that Miss Darche is a literary recruit from the theatrical profession. Her first experience of the stage was to "walk on" at the Lyceum Theatre during the time that Mr. Lewis Waller was playing *Henry the Fifth*. Her stage name was Miss Marion Dale. Afterwards Miss Darche toured with Mr. Lionel Rignold in *The Wrong Mr. Wright*. Her next engagement was to play Mabel in *Captain Swift*, in Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw's company, a part for which she was subsequently re-engaged by Mr. F. H. Macklin. The theatrical experiences which Miss Darche gained have been put to good use in her first novel.

* * *

The inexhaustible Lucas Cleeve has, by the way, another book on the market, entitled *A Woman's Aye and Nay*, which has the Suffrage as its principal theme. Her light and satirical touch is here seen to advantage. The story is set some ten years ahead, when women are allowed to vote for Parliament; but although there is much in the novel of a quasi-political character, it is the love side of it which is uppermost, and which will call for the highest appreciation. (Long: 6*s.*)

* * *

Two posthumous novels worthy of mention are *Graham of Claverhouse* (John Murray: 6*s.*), by the late Ian Maclaren, and *Demos Awakes*, by the late David Christie Murray—the former a story of campaigning with William of Orange, while the latter is a stirring tale of Capital and Labour in a provincial town, culminating in a vitriol-throwing act, in which the wrong man is implicated. A good, sound story, which reminds one of the loss fiction has sustained by the passing of the veteran author.

* * *

Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore (who, by the way, once told me that he does *not* owe his name to having been picked up on the beach of the Devonshire watering-place, but to the fact that he is the son of the well-known Canon and Royal Chaplain) has written a clever and sparkling novel in *The Pest*—in fact, one of the brightest books of the kind lately published. Its plot is simple and suggestive. The man (artist) falls in love with the woman (curate's wife). She leaves her husband to become the artist's model, and, incidentally, his mistress. The artist, a confiding soul, believes the woman's love for him to be pure, and her desertion from her husband to have been provoked by genuine passion. He has, however, a friend—a man supposed to be a cynic, but, in reality, a true friend. This man, jealous of the woman's mastery over his friend, sets to work to make well-intentioned mischief. He puts a private female detective on the woman's track, with the result that he finds out what he wants to finds out—that she is worthless, and a wanton. Reveals awful truth to his friend, expecting to save him from a hideous fate, with proper artistic result—that the friend, after destroying the picture he has painted of the woman, destroys himself! A well-planned, nicely conceived, and eminently readable novel. Mr. Shore has written, of course, several previous books, but this is, I imagine, the most notable. (Long: 6*s.*) VIVIAN CARTER.

* * *

Photo *Hana*

Miss Muriel Darche

A débutante novelist. Her book, "The Porters of Woodthorpe" (Long: 6*s.*), deals with theatrical life on tour. Miss Darche is herself an actress, her stage name being Miss Marion Dale

Photo *Reeves*

The Hon. Frances Wolseley

The heiress of Lord Wolseley. She is an enthusiastic amateur gardener, and her book on the subject will shortly be published

Lady Gardener as Author

The Hon. Frances Wolseley, daughter and heiress by special remainder to Viscount Wolseley, whose book on gardening is promised at an early date, is an enthusiastic gardener. She has established a school for gardening and a market-garden at Glynde, Sussex, near the farmhouse which is the Wolseley country residence, and she bids fair to make both school and market-garden a financial success. Like Lady Warwick, Miss Wolseley considers there is a future for women in horticultural pursuits. She herself is a practical gardener, and, unlike her mother, cares little for Society or frocks.

Golf Notes and Notions

The Difference between Amateur and Professional Golf

My friend, Mr. F. Kinloch, has recently been endeavouring to solve the mystery of the superiority of professionals over amateurs, and all those who are interested in this subject should read his article in *Golf Illustrated* of January 10. Having given no little time and thought to this question myself, I hoped to gather some fresh light from Mr. Kinloch. But I am bound to say that he leaves the question very much where he found it. He groups his reasons under three pretty well-known heads—practice, temperament, and training. Under each of these heads he proceeds to demonstrate the inferiority of the amateur. Now, I think if we eliminate practice, so far as it is confined to practising particular shots, and temperament, which is a gift of the gods, and one not to be acquired either by prayer or fasting, and concentrate our attention on training, we shall be approaching the heart of the mystery.

The Question of Training

I am quite prepared to grant that the leading professionals get practice in exhibition scoring matches against each other which is absolutely denied to their amateur rivals, but I am not thoroughly convinced that these exhibition scoring matches are always taken very seriously by those who participate in them, and I doubt whether this sort of practice is of more value to them than the frequent medal competitions in which amateurs indulge. I also doubt whether professionals give up much time to practising particular shots. In these days of crowded play on most courses, there is really very little opportunity for practice such as used to be very common fifteen or twenty years ago. I should say that in those days the amateur devoted more time to practice than the professional, and I believe that even now the amateur is just as keen on practising as the professional. The argument that the professional is always at the game and rarely without some club in his hands does not amount to much in these days of continuous play all the year round. I fancy that the leading amateurs play just as often as the professionals, and rarely let any considerable number of days intervene between one game and another. Added to this there is the question of staleness. Men get stale by playing too many rounds in one day and over a succession of days and weeks. That is certain. What is not recognised so certainly is that too much practice at some particular shot will just as surely bring about staleness as too many matches. The golden mean is the thing both in play and practice.

A Little Self-Denial Wanted

Temperament, as I have said, is not a thing which we can command. A man can improve his temperament, but he can never convert a bad into a good temperament. But in the question of temperament we trench on the domain of training. The best temperament in the world will go to pieces if the possessor of it is not physically fit. When a man is "out of sorts," "under par," or "off colour," to use the various phrases which depict an unhappy state of affairs, his temper is sure to be in a rather prickly condition. Little things which at ordinary times would be laughed off as of no importance, are allowed to assume vast proportions. Thus the temper gives way, the usually excellent temperament breaks up, and the man's game goes from bad to worse. It is in this domain of training that I see the cause of professional superiority. As Mr. Kinloch says, they live much quieter and simpler lives. They rarely sit up late, and most of them are extremely abstemious men. They are bound by the terms of their livelihood to keep themselves as fit as possible. Those who do not, soon get left in the struggle for existence and pre-eminence. There is no such dire incentive to keep amateurs in the narrow road of fitness. Unless amateurs can gird themselves up to a simple but strict form of training for the two great events of the year, they will have no chance with the professionals. Training at golf is not a very difficult or arduous thing. A little self-denial in the matter of drinking, smoking, and sitting up late is really all that is required. But I have seen very little sign of even such simple training among amateurs in recent years.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

THE COMING WEEK'S WEATHER.

Jan. 29 to Feb. 4

Wed.	Dull; slight showers; not cold.
Thurs.	Overcast, with slight exceptions; rain; milder; barometer falls.
Fri.	Dull; slight rain; colder; barometer rises. *Seismic wave in North Italy.*
Sat.	Generally overcast; fair.
Sun.	Milder; barometer falls; some showers.
Mon.	Mild; some rain.
Tues.	Fair and colder; barometer rises.

The Temperature will rise on 30th, fall on 31st and 1st, rise on the 2nd, and be highest on 3rd, and fall on 4th.

The Barometer will fall on 30th, rise on 31st, fall on 2nd and 3rd, and rise on 4th.

Cricketers at Golf

YORKS BEATS LANCS IN THE FIRST ROUND OF THE INTER-COUNTY TOURNAMENT

(1)

(1)
The Hon. F. S. Jackson
(Yorkshire)

(2)

2. Mr. Ernest Smith
(Yorkshire)

(3)

3. Difficult play at a frozen bunker

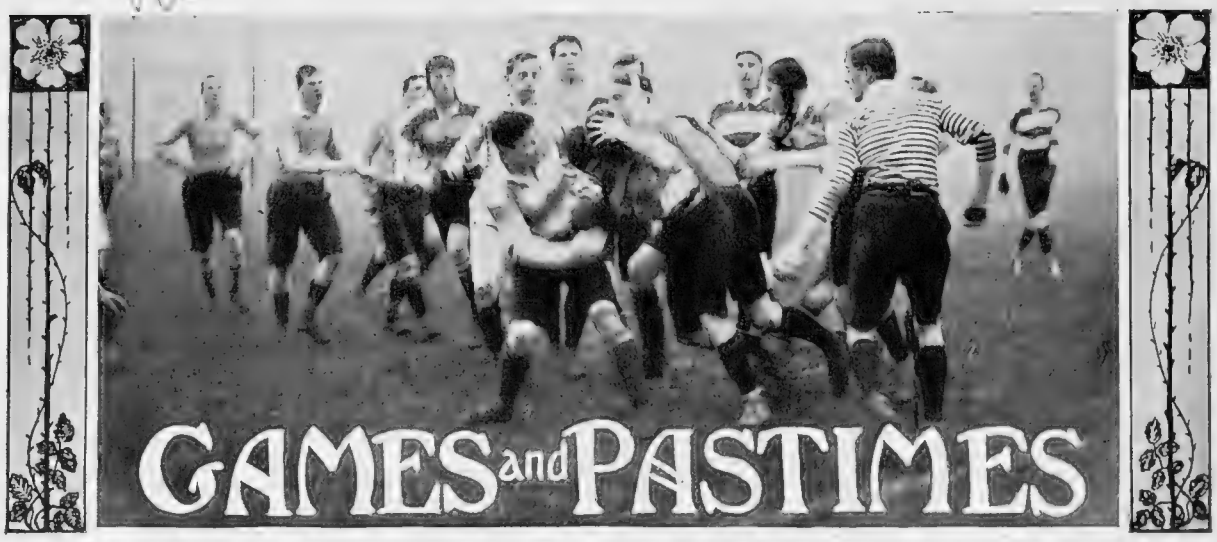
4. Mr. E. E. Steel
(Lancashire)

5. Mr. W. B. Stoddart
(Lancashire)

(4)

(5)

The first round of the Cricketers' Inter-County Golf Tournament was commenced last week at Hoylake, in which Yorkshire, represented by the Hon. F. S. Jackson and Mr. Ernest Smith, beat Lancashire, represented by Mr. E. E. Steel and Mr. W. B. Stoddart, by 11 up and 10 to play. Though the frozen condition of the ground made accurate golf difficult, the Yorkshire couple showed some excellent play



Rugby at Richmond: Middlesex tackles the East Midlands near the touch-line

In the match at Richmond last Wednesday, Middlesex defeated the East Midlands by 15 points to 5, thereby gaining the first place in the South Eastern group of the County Championship Competition

SWIMMING

Odi Profanum Vulgus

The Southern Counties Amateur Swimming Association have decided to hold a team championship race for women, but they cannot agree as to whether the race should be swum in public or in private, and the whole thing will therefore probably fall to the ground. This sounds very silly, but the point is really a very nice one. In speed swimming it is, of course, essential that the costume worn should be as close-fitting as possible, and it is a not unnatural fact that there are some very good swimmers among the fair sex who object to appearing in skin-tight raiment at an entertainment to which any Tom, Dick, or Harry may gain access by payment of the gate-money. Of course, gate-money is an important item in every form of sport; a championship of any kind can hardly be run at a profit without a gate, and this probably explains the attitude of that section of the Southern Counties Association which stands out for holding the proposed race in public. They doubtless think that, if the race is held at all, it ought at any rate to be made to pay for itself. Accordingly they say, "Let us admit the public. Those women who don't care about the ordeal of the vulgar gaze need not enter; there are others." But the other side say, "No; this is a championship, and the object of holding it is to find the best talent. If you practically debar some of the best swimmers from competing, you are not getting a really representative entry, and your championship is not what it purports to be. Considerations of gate must not be allowed to override what is to the best interests of the sport itself, and therefore this championship must be swum in private. There are plenty of public entertainments as it is at which women can swim, and be seen swimming, in skin-tight costume, and, therefore, those who don't mind the fierce light of publicity—and, in fact, rather like it—have really nothing to grumble at." I confess that the argument of this side appeals to me more than that of the other. One would think that a solution of the difficulty might be arrived at by calling the women together and telling them to decide the matter for themselves, but I am told that they are even more hopelessly divided than the men who have been endeavouring unsuccessfully to legislate for them. And so the *impasse* is complete.

LADIES' HOCKEY

The Weston-super-Mare Week

The Western Counties Tournament at Weston-super-Mare, which has become quite one of *the* events of the hockey season, was concluded on Wednesday last. The tournament is conducted on the "American" principle, each team playing each, and as there were eight counties engaged, the competitors enjoyed a fairly strenuous week's work. The final placings were: (1) Gloucestershire, (2) Somersetshire, (3) Sussex, (4) Cornwall, (5) Wiltshire, (6) Devonshire, (7) Herefordshire, (8) Dorsetshire. The fact that Gloucestershire (who did particularly well all through) and Somersetshire both came out ahead of Sussex is significant of the advance made by hockey in the West, especially when one recalls the recent achievements of the men of the West in beating the South, and only losing to the Midlands by the odd goal in five. Dorsetshire, the county at the bottom of the whole list, secured the unenviable distinction of not winning a single match.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The South Eastern Group Winners

By their defeat of the East Midlands at Richmond on Wednesday, Middlesex have gained first place in the South Eastern group of the County Championship Competition, and will therefore play the winners of the South Western group for the right to enter the final against the surviving county in the Northern section. Although they have beaten all the other five county teams opposed to them in the South Eastern group, they have not proved themselves to be a really strong side, except in a rather fitful sort of fashion, and they were a little lucky in beating Kent, who are second with four wins to their credit. I expect to see a Southern county win the whole thing, but I think the odds are against the Cup coming Londonwards,

though it is very dangerous to prophesy in a case like this, for county teams have a way of suddenly getting together when you least expect them to, and the component parts of Middlesex are so good that a little more cohesion among them would make a vast difference.

Cornwall's Sudden Spurt

A good instance of the vagaries of county form was furnished by the Gloucestershire *v.* Cornwall match on Saturday in the South Western group of the competition. Gloucestershire were expected to win, and it was only necessary for them to make a draw in order to become group-winners. But Cornwall, after being five points down at half-time, suddenly got going, and actually put on seven tries, four of which were converted, while Gloucestershire hardly got another chance. Davey at half-back, and Jackett (the old International full-back) at three-quarter, were in fine form for Cornwall, and if any changes in the English team are contemplated, their claims should not be overlooked. As a result of this match, there is a tie between Cornwall, Gloucestershire, and Devon for first place in the South Western group, and these three will have to play off in order to decide who is to play Middlesex for the right to contest the final with the winning Northern county; so that the end of the County Championship Competition is by no means in sight as yet. In the North on Saturday, Durham beat Northumberland, and Yorkshire lost to Cumberland, so that the final issue in this section rests between Durham (who tied with Devon for the Championship last year) and Lancashire. This match comes off next Saturday, and Durham are favourites.

Mr. Kirby, the President (left), chatting to Mr. Gladstone, last year's stroke

Preparing for the Boat Race: The Oxford Eight at practice
Last week's practice for the Boat Race, which is to take place on April 4, was rather hampered by the foggy condition of the weather

Tom Tims, the veteran 'Varsity boatman

A Metropolitan Club International

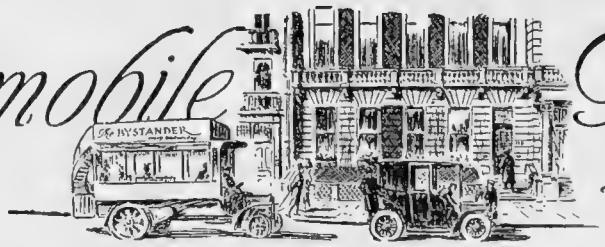
The London Scottish and the Harlequins being the two strongest of the London clubs this season, there was any amount of excitement over their return match at Richmond on Saturday. It was, in fact, a London International, and the Scottish actually had the two chosen half-backs and the four probable three-quarters for the Scottish International team against Wales next Saturday. In their first encounter, the Harlequins were the winners, but on Saturday the Scottish had their revenge, and that, too, in spite of the fact that their crack three-quarter, Kenneth Macleod, got a nasty kick in the face early in the game and had to go off. The Harlequins, however, met with a similar mishap in the second half, for Lambert, after gaining a brilliant try in the first half (the only piece of scoring up to half-time), strained his leg badly and eventually had to go off, too. The Scottish drew level shortly after half-time with a goal placed by Geddes from a try by Martin, who successfully resorted to the somewhat risky ruse of punting over the full-back's head instead of trying to dodge him, and, after Lambert had gone lame, they added a dropped goal and a try, both by Purves, and another try by Martin, gained in exactly the same way as his first. They owed their victory to a slight superiority forward and to their being uniformly good behind, whereas on the Harlequin side there was an apparent weakness on the right wing.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Cambridge in Form

Although the Corinthians were not at full strength on Saturday at Queen's Club, Cambridge did very well indeed to draw with them—three goals all—especially as, on the run of the play, Cambridge really deserved to win. Neither Cornelius nor Yates was playing, but the forwards nevertheless proved quite effective as an attacking force, and with a little more skill in the shooting department (which Cornelius should be able to supply) they will prove really formidable. P. H. Farnfield (one of the many) is, as was anticipated, a decided acquisition in the half-back line, and the New Crusaders will miss him, while Mugliston and Thew are a very sound pair of backs. Oxford beat the Norsemen by 3—1, but there was nothing very impressive about their play, and on present form I should be inclined to back Cambridge for the 'Varsity match, which is fixed for February 15.

Automobile Topics.



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The ill-advised anonymous correspondent of the *Times* who suggested a short while ago that the motor Press allowed its judgment in regard to motor matters to be influenced by the sordid question of £.s.d., has been severely reprimanded by the motor Press, which has, in a loud voice, proclaimed its virtues. The motor Press certainly compares favourably with the general Press, but in these days no publication can be independent of the advertiser, and it is idle of the motor Press to argue that for a consideration its columns are not influenced. Of course they are. An honest expression of opinion regarding the *de*-merits of various motors one will never find in the motor Press, and I would be the last to blame them for keeping an eye on the future.

* * *

Modern journalism is essentially rotten in its principles. Competition has brought papers to such a pass that the public are given far more for the money than ought to be the case, and profits are only made in the newspaper trade because of the advertisements the papers carry, and thus it comes about that the advertiser is the man who finds the profits for the newspaper proprietor, and wields a corresponding influence. A general paper is possibly more independent than a technical paper, because it draws its advertisements from a wider field. THE BYSTANDER has throughout it career endeavoured to preserve its independence in respect to its advertisements. Not so long ago, in these columns, I felt it my duty to attack a certain motor which was then placed on the market, and THE BYSTANDER was, I believe, the only paper to do so. The motor concern in question, however, subsequently proved a failure, as I foresaw, and as was evidently foreseen by the experts connected with the motor Press.

Car-icature—No. LIX.: Mr. W. M. Letts

The member of the well-known firm of Jarrott and Letts first entered the motor business in 1897, and was associated with the American Locomobile Company. He subsequently became the agent for the Oldsmobile Company, and it was on one of these cars that, in 1904, he made his notable Snowdon climb. Though now mostly dealing in petrol cars, he still has a warm corner in his heart for the steam car

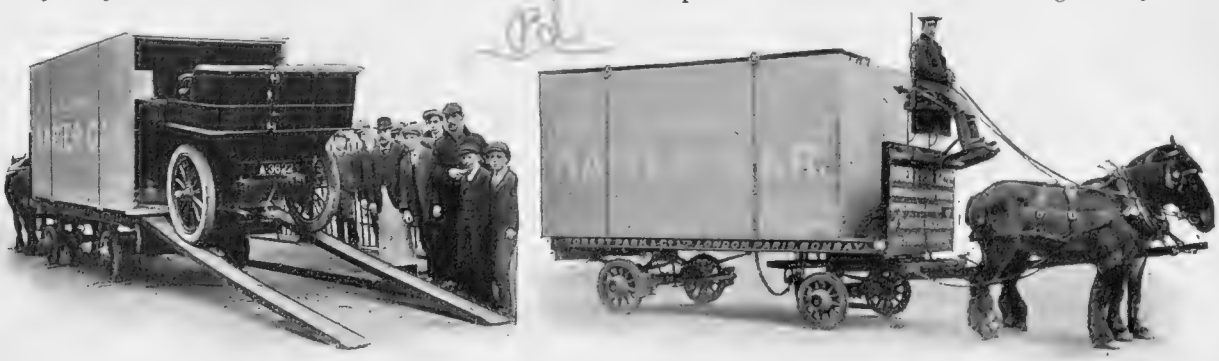
By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE

* * *

But the ways of the advertiser are truly wonderful. Only yesterday a large firm of advertisers sent an advertisement order to this paper, in which they stipulated that a certain quantity of photographs should be published in consideration of the order going through. Fortunately, this paper is in a strong enough position to refuse such an impudent attempt to use the paper wrongly, but there are many papers which cannot refuse an order of this nature.

* * *

The papers lately have been very full of the misdeeds of motorists, and I observe that in nearly all cases the men who have been driving recklessly and injuring persons, or showing want of consideration to other users of the road, are paid chauffeurs. Chauffeurs, as a whole, are a fine, respectable body of men, who realise the responsibilities they undertake, but there are, alas! a good many black sheep in the fold, who show a disregard for the general public. It is not, as a rule, the private owner who refuses to give way in a



A Convenient Car Carrier

In the course of his 50,000 miles' journey through fifty different countries, 33,600 miles of which distance has already been accomplished, Mr. Glidden is frequently obliged to tranship his Napier car. To accomplish this with the least risk of injury, the carrier illustrated above has recently been built. Simple in construction, but eminently practical, this huge box absolutely protects the car, which can be driven straight into it, if on the ground level, or else hauled in by means of a winch

GROWING FAT AND LOSING BEAUTY

Prevention and Permanent Cure by the Antipon Treatment.

THAT the tendency to over-fatness is greater with the feminine than with the masculine sex is an obvious truth, and that it is more dangerous as well is equally true, the special danger lying in the fact that very tight-lacing is resorted to in order to compress the figure into comely proportions. Nature rebels against such injudicious compression, and many evils arise therefrom. Of course, a fine figure and a graceful bearing are amongst women's most coveted charms, and the loss of them through obstinate or chronic fat development is greatly to be deplored; but the remedy, however, lies neither in external compression nor in semi-starvation; and when to these is added some mineral drugging treatment, such as old-fashioned practitioners prescribed, the danger to health and even to life itself is seriously augmented.

There is absolutely no need for any of these severe measures. The famous Antipon treatment has taught the world that weight may be rapidly reduced to normal and the persistent tendency to put on a lot of flesh entirely overcome, while at the same time the person under treatment regains strength and stamina, health and energy, together with restored beauty of figure.

Antipon, which is a refreshingly tart tonic liquid of positively harmless vegetable ingredients only, and which can be taken at any hour without producing discomforting symptoms or causing the least inconvenience, calls for no assistance from anything but wholesome food, without tiresome restrictions of any sort. Rational meals and table luxuries may be indulged in without fear that the satisfying diet will renew the distressing tendency to over-fatness. The muscular and nervous systems must of necessity benefit by such a generous *régime*. With every pound of superfluous fat eliminated there is an increase of muscular strength and nerve force, of physical and mental energy.

* * *

A Tonic of Exceptional Value.

Antipon has a remarkable tonic effect on the entire organism, and especially upon the digestive system. Appetite is rendered keen and digestion sound. The blood, no longer contaminated by the poisons bred by the waste matter due to ill-digested food, is purified and enriched, while the circulation is sensibly improved. The rapid renewal of health, vigour, and beauty is truly phenomenal. The skin, upon which Antipon has a valuable tonic action, becomes pure, and the complexion regains its natural healthy colouring. The whole body—face, figure, and limbs—is restored to beauty of shape, and reanimated with the priceless beauty of health.

The weight is reduced by from 8 oz. to 3 lb. within a day and a night of the first dose, and then daily by a reliable and satisfactory loss of superfluous fat. The doses may be discontinued as soon as the desired weight-reduction has been effected, the cure being permanent by reason of the tendency to over-fatness having been over-mastered.

* * *

Formless Figures Beautified.

The extraordinary success of Antipon, the famous permanent weight-reducer, induces us to draw the attention of our stout friends to a few facts concerning this remarkable remedy, the genuineness of which is unquestioned. Antipon may be described as a building-up cure; the old-time starvation-and-drug cures (?) may be classed as pulling-down cures, for they pulled down weight by weakening alone, and never effected a permanent cure without undermining the human fabric. Antipon, on the contrary, brings new, sound, muscular tissue to replace the superfluous and diseased matter it expels from the system. At the same time it destroys the tendency to make fat in excess. Antipon is a splendid tonic as well as a fat-reducer. It creates an appetite which must be satisfied with wholesome food (there are no irritating dietary restrictions), it perfects the processes of digestion and assimilation, and thus assures satisfactory nutrition. The result is obvious; the rapid elimination of the fat does not leave the body limp and the skin loose and wrinkled, because the new muscular fibre made from the new, rich blood makes the limbs firm and shapely. The whole body is benefited—face, figure, and limbs—and natural, graceful proportions and normal weight are the final result. The course completed, the doses may cease. From the first doses the beneficent action is manifest. From 8 oz. to 3 lb. are taken off within twenty-four hours; then a steady decrease goes on day by day until complete cure. Health, strength, stamina are greatly improved, and beauty of form will be a lasting possession. There is no worry, no discomfort, no inconvenience, no publicity. It is as perfect a home or private treatment as could be devised. Antipon is absolutely harmless, and contains none but pure herbal ingredients. It is easy and pleasant to take (being a liquid), and has no objectionable after-effects.

* * *

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*, by chemists, stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount) privately packed, carriage paid, direct from the sole manufacturers, the Antipon Co., 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

crowded road, or who will drive his car faster than circumstances warrant, but it is the paid servant, and this is certain to be the case, for a servant can hardly be expected to be as careful with his master's property as the owner himself. But, with the growing feeling against motorists, it is very important that owners should exercise judicious care in the selection of their drivers, for if more care were given to this matter there would be fewer accidents and police charges.

* * *

I am glad to see *The Motor* is now making a strong effort to induce the Royal Automobile Club to get up a race for small cars. With their influence they ought to be able to rouse enthusiasm on the part of the R.A.C. for so commendable an object. THE BYSTANDER, over a year ago, suggested that a race of this nature should take place, and since then the promotion of a Grand Prix for voiturettes has given a fillip to the industry for small cars on the Continent. There are a number of people who would buy a small car if they were confident that it would not be continually in the repair shop, and a race would interest a great many people. By small cars I mean a car which, complete, costs under £200.

* * *

Car-icature — No. LIX : William Malesbury Letts

Mr. William Malesbury Letts, the subject of our Car-icature, entered the motor business in the year 1897, was connected with two or three of the early companies, and went out to the States in the year 1899, where he was associated with Mr. Charles Jarrott in one of the early American companies. At that time there was very little known in America regarding automobiles, and comparatively few were to be seen with the exception of the small steam and electric cars. After eight months spent in visiting the various factories, where he gained a great deal of useful knowledge regarding American methods of doing business and manufacturing, Mr. Letts returned to England, bringing with him the agency for the Locomobile steam car, and set up business in connection with the Locomobile Company in South Kensington. It will be remembered what a phenomenal sale this car had, and how it took England by storm, being absolutely silent. This little car was the means of initiating many people into the pleasures of motoring who otherwise would have probably held off for a long time, as at that time the majority of cars were very noisy. In connection with the Locomobile steam car, it will be remembered that Mr. Letts arranged with Mr. Hubert Egerton to make that wonderful trip—as it was considered in those early days—from John o' Groats to Land's End.

On one of Mr. Letts' visits to the States he secured the agency for the Oldsmobile, another popular type of runabout, and it was on this car (a 5 h.-p.) that, in June, 1904, Mr. Letts made a record climb to the summit of Snowdon, which caused quite a sensation. This feat had been accomplished only once before—by Mr. Harvey du Cros on an Ariel—but this record was beaten by Mr. Letts on the Oldsmobile, his time being under an hour. Mr. Letts also drove an Oldsmobile up the Crystal Palace steps in September, 1903.

In June, 1903, Mr. Letts joined with Mr. Charles Jarrott in the business known as Charles Jarrott and Letts, Ltd., which to-day is one of the leading firms in the automobile industry.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

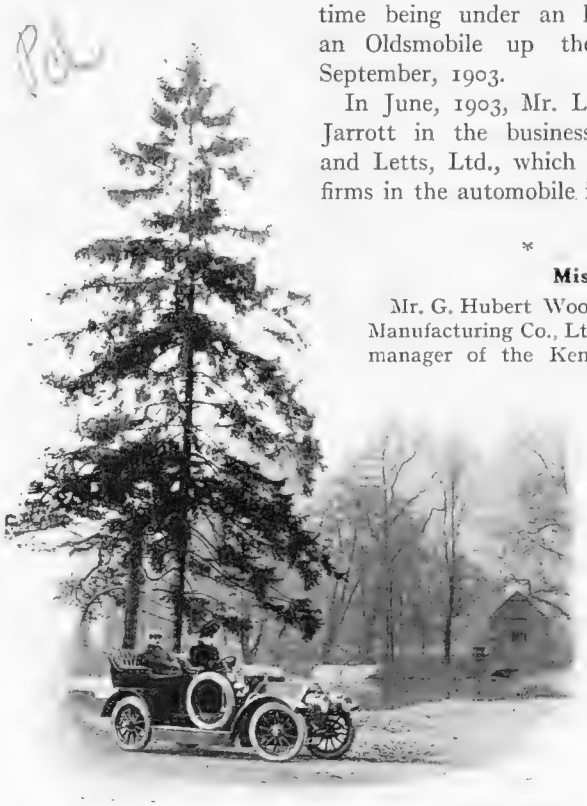


Photo *Campbell-Gray*

The Hon. Mrs. William Peel at the wheel of her 30 h.-p. Beeston-Humber

Mrs. Peel, who lives at Cassiobury, Watford, is the possessor of three Humber cars. It will be noticed that the dashboard of the car she is driving is different from the usual Humber type, for it contains several lock-ups, so necessary to lady drivers

* * *

Miscellanea

Mr. G. Hubert Woods, late manager of the Simms Manufacturing Co., Ltd., has been appointed general manager of the Kempshall Tyre Co., and will be glad to welcome visitors at their new offices, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

From Bombay to Calcutta must be considered a stiff run for a car. Mr. W. T. Lord has recently covered the 2,000 miles in a little over seventy-eight hours' actual running. He suffered some inconvenience now and again by reason of the fact that the surface of the Grand Trunk Road is anything but what could be desired by the motorist. On one occasion he received a nasty gash in one of his covers, caused by a newly cast bullock-shoe, but with that exception his Dunlop non-slipping tyres showed practically no trace of the hardships encountered.

At the American Motor Exhibition, known as the Importers' Salon, which has just come to a conclusion at the Madison Square Garden, the only car representing Great Britain was the six-cylinder Rolls-Royce, the new model of which attracted great attention. A separate loan section was organised for cars of historical interest, and it is pleasing to note that in this section the authorities included the little Rolls-Royce of the 1906 Tourist Trophy which broke the Monte Carlo record, lent by its present owner, and which, since its arrival in the States, has there captured no less than nine prizes, including the World's International Championship.

The Maudslay Motor Co. (1907), Ltd., have just supplied to Lord St. Oswald, at Nostell Priory, Wakefield, one of their 35-45 h.-p. Extended Landaulettes. Another order has also been received from Lord Ennismore for one of their new 25-30 h.-p. Live-Axle Limousine Cars.

H. M. HOBSON, LTD., 29, VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionnaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenátzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.

LOCKYER'S

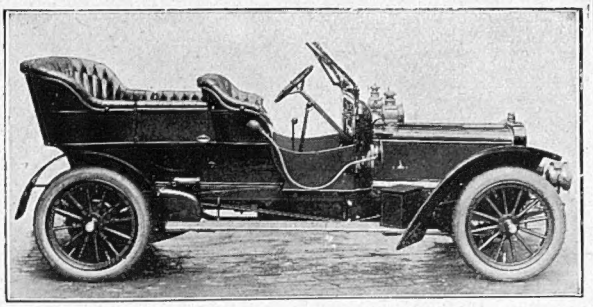
66 SAVOY 99

CIGARETTES

Hand-made from the finest Tobacco, direct from Turkey. The Cigarette you enjoy all the time. In the club, at home, outside, everywhere. Guaranteed hand-made. Possesses a distinctive flavour, so different from the ordinary Turkish Cigarettes. You cannot have a better cigarette than the "SAVOY."

Sold by all High-class Tobacconists in boxes of 25 for 2/-, 50 for 4/-, 100 for 7/6, or send 4/- for a 50 Trial Box (post free) to

LOCKYER & CO. (Dept H),
12-14, BATH STREET, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.



SUNBEAM CARS

Greatly Improved 1908 Models.
20 h.p. and 35 h.p.

This year the 35 and 20 h.p. Cars are the Standard types, and the makers of the Sunbeam Cars will be glad to give you full particulars of these models and the many improvements made.

Remember, the Sunbeam stands for Reliability, and its Oil Bath Chain Cases for Freedom from Friction—two points all Motorists will appreciate.

If you are interested in the Sunbeam Cars, write for illustrated and full descriptive Catalogue, to

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co., Ltd., Upper Villiers St., Wolverhampton.
Sole Agent for London and South of England:
H. C. Dignasse, 15, Greek Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

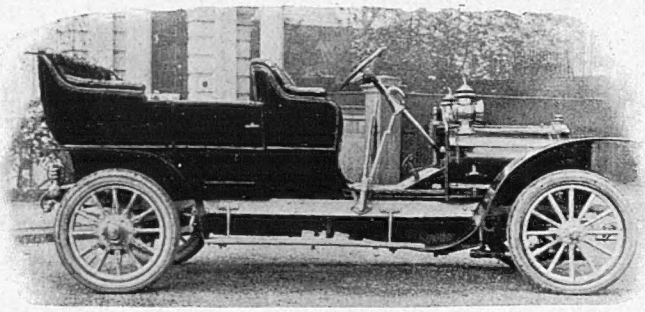
"DUHANOT" The Ideal Live AXLE CAR.

SILENT. RELIABLE. POWERFUL.

1908 Models,
fitted with
Standard Bodies.

12 H.P. - £360
15 H.P. - £450

Trial Runs
by appointment.

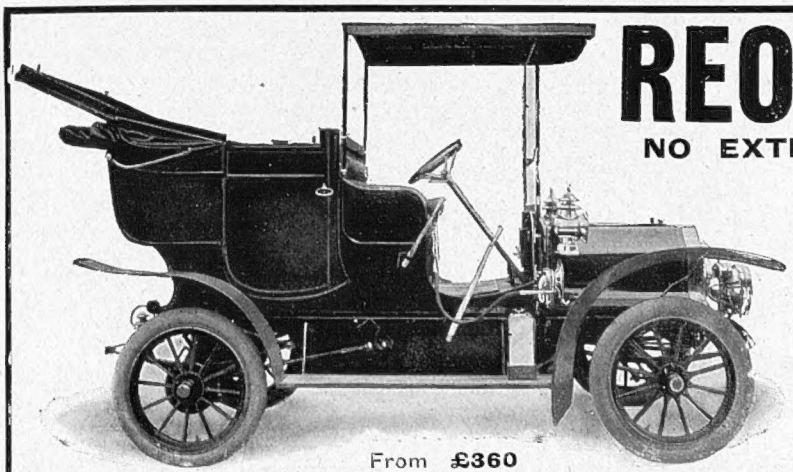


1908 Models,
fitted with
Standard Bodies.

22 H.P. - £600
35 H.P. - £775

Moderate in
Price and Upkeep.

SOLE AGENTS FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND: **THE CAR SUPPLY CO., LTD., 34, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.**
Telephone: 494 Kensington. Telegrams: "Duhanots, London."



From £360

REO

10 h.p. Four Seats Complete, £165
18 h.p. Five Seats Complete, £300
18 h.p. Landaulettes, From £360

NO EXTRAS.

PARTICULARS ON REQUEST.
TRIAL RUNS FREE.
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

LAMBIE & SHARP, DIRECTORS,
REO MOTORS, Ltd.,
Broad Sanctuary, WESTMINSTER,
LONDON, S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "JELAMCO," LONDON.
TELEPHONE: 59 WESTMINSTER.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

Distinctive! That is the modistic catchword of the moment. Now, the art of being distinctive is somewhat difficult to define, but I should place it myself on the faculty of choosing clothes of sympathetic character with the wearer in the first instance, and the wearing of the said garments with sympathetic understanding in the second. The large majority of women are far too prone to fall haphazard into any trap ticketed original or exclusive, never giving a thought to any individual feelings they may have in the matter. And it is just as easy to be distinctive in a simple, knockabout tailor-made as in some regal Paquin confection. The courage of a bold opinion in the face of some pronounced edict is frequently responsible for a wealth of distinction, which is in no way lessened by the element of danger attached to a protest.

Women who adhere strenuously to one style of coiffure, provided it is a becoming coiffure to them, are almost invariably distinctive in a greater or less degree, a statement that immediately recalls our own Royal family, with their neat heads. Then, again, presence and pose have much to do with a distinctive personality. Only the other evening at a ball I remarked the importance of these elements in the case of a young girl, who wore some soft white dress, in no way remarkable, quite unrelieved in any way, either by jewels or flowers, the same studied absence of ornamentation being observed with the head, which was dressed Pompadour with a rather outstanding twist low down in the neck. It was lovely hair, however, very fair, and I think naturally *ondulé*; anyway, if art was responsible for the large undulations, all the more credit is due, for the *ensemble* was distinctive beyond all telling, and contrived to stand out in the midst of much magnificence. There were numbers of other white frocks worn by fair-haired girls, but no one came within measurable distance of this notable exponent of presence and pose.

Photo *Lavrence*

Two Beautiful Evening Dresses seen at the Maison Laferrière, Paris

Hair Adjuncts and Floral Garnitures

It is almost impossible to gauge the beautiful possibilities of either of these accessories, lacking a personal experience at some one of the large emporiums which specialise in these matters.

Among other delights, I would chronicle the exceptional charm of some black silk roses, the inner petals tipped with gold, of which the centre is entirely formed, mounted on natural green leaves and tendrils. The bloom is usually Brobdingnagian, and it would be impossible to find anything capable of bestowing a more telling touch to a white evening gown. While for black evening toilettes a novelty is provided in a realistic cluster of sweet peas, nature's own replica, both as to size and colour. Realism, again, is effected almost beyond credence with the still approved orchid, the latest whereof is the weird brown variety; and a hanging cluster of deep-shaded nasturtiums is lovely if allowed to rule the one relief to the delicate corn shade of satin, over which Paris is going more than a little mad.

For the coiffure there is every conceivable style of *bandeau* offered in tulle, soft ribbon, and gold and silver tissue. On the latter, the dewdrop *dimanté*

FOR **LUNCHEON,**
DINNER,
OR **SUPPER.**

The Gaiety RESTAURANT

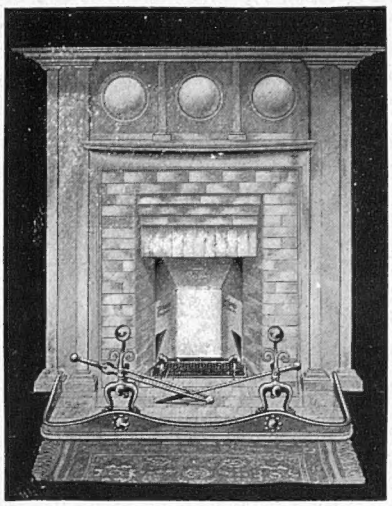
STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Old English Grill Room.

BALLS, BANQUETS, and CONCERTS.

Telephones:
Central 6606 and 6607.

G. C. NOBILE, Manager.



THE
"RATIONAL" FIREPLACE

A MONEY SAVER.

"Owing to the ***advancing cost of fuel*** *a 'Rational Fireplace' is now of more value than ever." Thousands are now in use all over the world. Write for illustrated catalogue of designs.*

JOSHUA W. TAYLOR, Ltd.,

Works and Show Room: BRADFORD STREET, BOLTON.
London Office and Show Room: 135, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

METZLER'S NEW ART MODEL The Result of 127 Years' Experience.

1907-8 **UPRIGHT GRAND PIANOFORTE.**

Price **50 Guineas,** less 25 per cent. discount for Cash. Correspondence and Inspection Invited.
Specification—Height 4ft. 3in. Depth 2ft. 2in. Length 4ft. 8in. Full Metal Frame. Overstrung Scale. Full Trichord. Under-Damper Check Action. Ivory Keys In Solid Oak or Chippendale Mahogany Case.

Metzler's Latest Publications.

Price 1/7 net, post free.

Brilliant Soprano Songs.

Banish Sorrow (Waltz Song)	Frederick Clay
The Glee Maiden (Waltz Song)	Edward Solomon
Happy young heart (Waltz Song)	Arthur Sullivan
A Shadow Song	Easthorpe Martin
Little Princess look up	Philip Michael Faraday
Invitation	Katherine Barry
Separation	Alfred Kaiser

Mezzo Soprano Songs.

A Song to youth	Hilda M. Egerton
With whom is the rose in love	Easthorpe Martin
But you forget	Julian Fredericks
Just for you / Love's offering	Two Songs — Marie Horne
'Tis you	Victor Roger
Love Song	Alfred Kaiser

Contralto Songs.

I heard the voice of Jesus say	Bruce Steane
Before the dawn	William Ratcliffe
Hawthorn in May	Edward Cutler
The crossways of life	John Neat
Our sunny days	Olgar Rudd
Sea and sky	Paul Rubens

Tenor Songs.

Bring her again, oh western wind	W. Howard Fisher
Mine!	R. M. Harvey
In a sun-bonnet of blue	E. Bucalossi
Till the dawn	Paul Rubens
The veriest gambler I	Philip Michael Faraday
Sweet Nan	W. Howard Fisher
Four songs (cycle)	Marie Horne

Baritone Songs.

Westward Ho!	Julian Fredericks
At last	Emilie Clarke
A sailor's song	Sidney H. Lefiler
The sea is the girl for me	Frederick Bevan
Song of the gun	Frances Allitsen
King of Hearts	Paul Rubens
To Candida	Giles Higgins

Just Published.

A Summer Night (Vocal duet) .. Goring Thomas

To be obtained of all Music Dealers throughout the Country.

This Pianoforte possesses a Rich, Full Tone of unsurpassable quality, equal to the very best on the market.

Metzler & Co., Ltd., Gt. Marlborough Street, London, W.
To be obtained of all Local Dealers.

plays a conspicuous rôle, and is also noticeably telling on a novel elongated bow, fashioned of what looked like a coloured flag leaf. Of diadem travesties and bizarre winged insects, all many sizes larger than life, and exquisitely coloured, there is a bewilderment of choice. There must not be forgotten the classical laurel leaf wreath, usually of gold or silver, just now in much significant request for wear with the Greek outstanding dressing.

The Latest Sash Aspect

Creeping insidiously, but surely, to the fore of late has been a sash of loosely woven silk, which after draping the waist is knotted at the left side, the ends falling to below the knees, and there weighted by heavy silk tassels. So presented, the vogue is an eminently happy one, and open to plenty of variety. But I seriously doubt the success of a pronounced development, savouring more completely, in fact, it may be said, of the Oriental fancy for a drapery almost touching the knee. Try as I will, I positively fail to see where the elegance of this comes in, under the present regime. Employed as primarily described, however, there promptly opens up a vista of fascinating possibilities. The effect of one of these loosely woven sashes in a delicate *tilleul* shade on a biscuit-cloth costume was among one of the first successes to catch my eye, since when I have followed up an old rose shade, applied to a smoke-grey visiting frock, arranged with a long loose sleeve coat elaborately braided; and, furthermore, admired exceedingly the daring of a black *crêpe de Chine* indoor reception gown, the waist defined by a sash of old blue, the loose knot dropping an appreciable distance down.

Two Beautiful Evening Dresses Seen in Paris

On page 258 is shown a Liberty satin, the style illustrating very forcibly the possibilities of simplicity. At the hem of the skirt a fold of velvet is introduced, together with a touch of the same heavily embroidered lace as adorns the *bébé* corsage. The sleeves are wide and draped, the edge set out by a wire.

For the other gown, velvet is obviously the medium, in a delicate shade, hemmed dark fur, the draped-over dress weighted with long silk tassels, as is also the exquisite embroidered plastron in front, softened on either side by draperies of old-world tinted lace.

The Simple Hard Shirt and Soft Elaborate Corsage

Once away from the long coat, a garment, by the way, already pervading the realms of indoor and positively evening attire, we are immediately face to face with the soft, busy little bodice, a labyrinth of tucks, lace, insertion, embroideries, etc., the one overlapping the other in bewildering intricacy. It is absolutely impossible to think out in the air, so to say, some nine inches comprising almost as many different component materials. The attention and time necessarily bestowed on these adorable soft upper parts must almost equal that exacted by the whole of the rest of the confection. And the feeling is growing appreciably for long close-fitting sleeves, finishing with narrow ruffles, a complement to the ruche worn at the throat. A dyed lace fichu, accompanied by a draped close-fitting skirt, and completed by filmy under-sleeves, also in tone, and an intricate lingerie guimpe, compose a costume, the elegance and grace whereof it would be necessary to travel very far to surpass.

The Menu: SOME RECHERCHÉ DISHES

Bâtons de Caviare

Roll out some puff-paste, cut it into neat oblong slices of even size, and bake to a golden colour. When baked, split open, fill each with caviare, close up, and spread over the top of each neatly with savoury butter or anchovy cream. Put a little whipped cream into a forcing bag, and decorate the surface of each with little stars. Dish up, and serve as hors d'œuvre or after-dinner savoury.

Potage Crême d'Orge

Take 1 oz. of pearl barley, three pints of white stock, 1 oz. of butter, grated nutmeg, one gill of cream, a pinch of sugar, fried bread croûtons, pepper, and salt. Wash the barley in several waters, put it in a stewpan with the stock, stir over the fire until it boils, then simmer slowly for two hours, season to taste with salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg. Rub all through a fine wire sieve, return to the stewpan, beat up the cream, and add it to the soup, with a pinch of sugar and the butter, stir again until it is thoroughly hot, but do not let it boil, place the crotoûns (previously fried in butter) into a soup tureen, pour in the soup, and serve.

Poulet à la Milanaise

One cooked chicken, quarter of a pint of tomato sauce, quarter of a pint of espagnole sauce, ¼ lb. macaroni, seasoning, a few drops of tarragon vinegar. Boil in a pan about two quarts of slightly salted water, then put in the macaroni, and let it boil for twenty minutes. Drain it well. Boil the chicken in stock, cut it into joints, and place it in the mixed sauces made hot, add the macaroni, seasoning, and a few drops of tarragon vinegar or lemon juice. Stew these ingredients together for three-quarters of an hour, until the chicken is quite tender. Place on a hot dish, arrange the macaroni to form a bed, and dress the pieces of chicken on the top.

Espagnole Sauce.—Fry together 1½ oz. of butter, 1½ oz. of flour, a sliced onion, a sliced tomato, and a small slice of lean ham, then add gradually a full half a pint of good brown stock; boil it all together for about a quarter of an hour, pass it through a sieve, add about half a gill of sherry, skim well, and boil up till reduced about a fourth part.

Filet de Sarcelles aux Anchois

Fillet the teal after roasting them about three-quarters done, lay them in a china fireproof dish which has been buttered and sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese; place a fillet of anchovy on each piece, moisten with stock, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and grated Parmesan cheese, then bake in the oven, squeeze the juice of a lemon over before serving. If preferred, they can be put on the grid-iron, and a salamander held over the fillets.

Tête de Veau, Sauce Piquante

Well wash and clean half a calf's head, remove the brains and put them in a stewpan; cover the head with cold water, and add one carrot, one onion, two sticks of celery, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one gill of vinegar, and a dessertspoonful of salt. Skim well whilst boiling, let it simmer two hours, and serve with the following sauce: Two shallots, one onion, one carrot, four mushrooms, and one teaspoonful of parsley, all minced very fine, and put into a stewpan with a gill of vinegar. Let all this boil till quite reduced, then add one pint of brown sauce, and pour this over the head. Roll up a few slices of bacon, and serve round alternately with slices of the tongue. The brains should be minced, and cooked in a white sauce and served separately.

Emilia.